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OCTOBER 15, 1965

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



COMMISSIONER
KEPPEL



VOL 86 NO. 16



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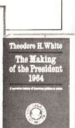
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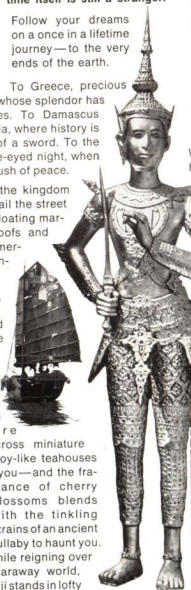
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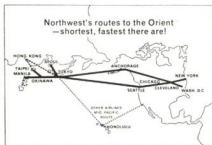
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 13

1 SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).^{*} The Chinese mafia is running a poppy-dust racket, and Spies Culp and Cosby break it up.

Thursday, October 14

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). *Houseboat*, one of the few good films Sophia Loren ever made in Hollywood, perhaps because Old Smoothie Cary Grant is aboard.

THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Pearl Bailey, George Gobel and a new rock-n-roll group: Dino, Desi and Billy (Martin Jr., Arnaz Jr., and a friend named Hinshe).

Friday, October 15

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Solo, Illya and Mr. Waverly himself raid a Thrush frugery in "The Discotheque Affair."

Saturday, October 16

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). World Roller Skating championships in Madrid and the World Tumbler Carnival in Albany, Ore.

TRIALS OF O'BRIEN (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Roger (*The Saint*) Moore dates O'Brien's ex-wife, so O'Brien, the devil, sets him up as a pigeon to trap a killer.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *Boys' Night Out*, in which Kim Novak plays a student researching a thesis on sex, and James Garner and Tony Randall play index cards.

Sunday, October 17

LAMP UNDER MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Television premiere of William Bergsma's oratorio, *Confrontation from the Book of Job*.

DISCOVERY '65 (ABC, 11-30 a.m.-noon). A documentary about the California Gold Rush.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Eisenhower discusses his new book, *Waging Peace*, and Lyndon Johnson's domestic and foreign policies.

THE CAPITOL CHRONICLE OF FREEDOM (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A special on the national Capitol building as a symbol and as an art treasure. Repeat.

Monday, October 18

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1964 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). A David Wolper production (the first non-CBS-produced news show ever broadcast by the network), based on T. H. White's bestseller.

THE STEVE LAWRENCE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are a rare pair—Liberace and Phyllis Diller.

RECORDS

Jazz Best Sellers

THE IN CROWD (Argo) that collects around the solidly welded, ten-year-old Ramsey Lewis trio is quite a sizable mob. This LP, recorded live at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, D.C., has soared up the pop charts, past such rock 'n' roll regulars as the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits. The title song has the usual rocking beat, but Pianist Lewis also

^{*} All times E.D.T.

dispenses old-fashioned swing, bland harmonies and light-fingered embellishments in such well-worth-repeating pieces as Duke Ellington's *Come Sunday* and Buddy Johnson's *Since I Fell for You*.

MONSTER (Verve) contains some threadbare titles (*Goldfinger*, the theme from *The Munsters*, *St. James Infirmary*), but the arrangements by Oliver Nelson are highly charged by the most electric of the electronic jazz organists, Jimmy Smith, with the powerful help of a reed and woodwind band.

ORGAN GRINDER SWING (Verve), except for the title piece, has little of the excitement of *Monster* and is for fanciers of the Hammond organ only. Jimmy Smith's trio (Kenny Burrell on guitar, Grady Tate on drums) plays nine minutes of so-so blues, a bright and shiny *Satin Doll*, and a wheezing travesty of *Greensleeves*.

SOUL SAUCE (Verve) features the brittle tracery of Cal Tjader's vibes and some Cuban percussion. Tjader plays in Latin dance halls, and his combo maintains a steady, cinesthetic drive in pieces like *Afro-Blue*, *Tanya* and *Jodo*.

GETZ GILBERTO (Verve) is the still-selling smash hit in which the Brazilian father of bossa nova, Singer João Gilberto, was upstaged by his soft-spoken, hitherto unknown wife Astrud singing *The Girl from Ipanema*. The big bestseller sprouted a number of smaller bestsellers, a kind of family tree of albums:

GETZ AU GO GO (Verve). Tenor Saxophonist Stan Getz and Mrs. Gilberto again (*One Note Samba*, *Corcovado*).

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM (Warner) features the young Brazilian composer who wrote most of Getz's best numbers. Backed by Nelson Riddle's band, Jobim picks up the mike himself to sing, in a husky, rueful, rather monotonous voice, some of his subtle and insinuating songs (*Useless Landscape*, *She's a Carioca*, *A Felicidade*).

THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE (Verve). Mrs. Gilberto adds another LP to the family, this time featuring American standards like *Fly Me to the Moon* and *Day by Day*. The title song is the love theme from *The Sandpiper*, which is infectious when hummed but sickening when sung: "A teardrop kissed your lips and so did I."

CINEMA

REPULSION. Poland's Writer-Director Roman Polanski (*Kill in the Water*) proves himself a master of suspense in the case study of a fragile French psychopath (Catherine Deneuve) who works by day in a London beauty salon, spends her off-hours immersed in sexual fantasies and gruesome deeds.

THE RAILROAD MAN. Made in 1956, this minor drama owes its vitality to a major talent. Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*, *Seduced and Abandoned*) who also takes on the leading role as a hell-for-leather railroad engineer brought to a dead end by family problems.

DARLING. Julie Christie's stunning presence enhances this glittering tale of a jet-set playgirl who finds that the road to ruin leads straight to the top.

TO DIE IN MADRID. Newsreels from five nations along with sensitive commentary spoken by such distinguished nonpartisans as John Gielgud and Irene Worth, power-

fully re-create the tragedy of the Spanish people during the wasting civil war of 1936-1939.

KING AND COUNTRY. A private's progress from firing line to firing squad is the substance of Director Joseph (*The Servant*) Losey's painful, stirring play World War I drama about an inarticulate deserter (Tom Courtenay) and his anguished defender (Dirk Bogarde).

HELP! The Beatles—romping through poison gas, trap doors, flamethrowers and Buckingham Palace in a custom-made comedy that is long on sight gags, short on spontaneity, but just funny enough to keep the legend alive for another season.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. With Spain's Matador Miguel Mateo as the hero driven by tragic economic necessity, Italian Director Francesco Rosi sees the lot of a great bullfighter in a film of brutal and unnerving beauty.

RAPTURE. In an astonishingly subtle performance, Patricia Gozzi (the disturbing nymph of *Sundays and Cybele*) plays a lonely, imaginative girl with a fixation for a handsome criminal (Dean Stockwell). The girl's embittered father (Mervyn Douglas) and a slatternly servant (Gunnel Lindblom) agree to harbor the fugitive for reasons of their own.

THE IPCC FILE. An insubordinate British secret agent (Michael Caine) stumbles through bureaucratic red tape into some no-nonsense adventures that often seem pointedly anti-Bond.

THE KNACK. The art of seduction looks like group therapy in this mad improvisation based on the off-Broadway stage hit, with Rita Tushingham as the resident virgin in a lively London bachelors' den.

SHIP OF FOOLS. *Grand Hotel* afloat, with such passengers as Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner expertly rocking Katherine Anne Porter's boat.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND, by the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. The Mad Hatter, Cheshire Cat, Dormouse and Ugly Duchess may be absent in the original version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but this charming facsimile of the preliminary manuscript is laced with Dodgson's (nom de plume: Lewis Carroll) own penmanship and fanciful, spidery sketches of White Rabbit, Mock Turtle and Alice as he first conceived them.

THE JOB HUNTER, by Allen R. Dodd Jr. Every career man's secret fear nightmarishly materializes in the ordeal of one Manhattan executive, abruptly ousted from his high-salaried berth in an ad agency. Dodd's palpable masterpiece of terror shadows the desperate job hunter on his grim rounds as he shrinks from breadwinner to abject pleader.

REPORTED TO BE ALIVE, by Grant Wolfkill with Jerry A. Rose. Prisoner-of-war horrors are only the setting for NBC Cameraman Wolfkill's personal account of his 15-month imprisonment by the Communist Pathet Lao. The real story lies in the details of a human being's contest with himself and his sanity while at the mercy of the merciless.

THE AMERICANS: THE NATIONAL EXPERIENCE, by Daniel J. Boorstin. Historian Boorstin bases his cultural history of the U.S. on what is home-grown American rather than what was modified from Eu-

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ropean life. The "booster" who followed the pioneer westward and developed the country is his hero; his villain the Southern planter, who borrowed all of English agrarian life and needed slaves to make it work.

AFFAIRS AT STATE, by Henry Serrano Villard. An eminent career diplomat about to retire from the corps as Ambassador to Mauretania writes an acid lament for the lost art of diplomacy. His arguments are bitter: career men are undermined by rich, gauche political appointees; the supposedly myopic State Department has almost bankrupted the prestige of the U.S. ambassador.

MRS. JACK, by Louise Hall Tharp. Isabella Stewart Gardner, amasser of a magnificent Renaissance art collection, whose portrait was painted by Sargent and whose tea was sipped by Henry James, was in fact a most improper Bostonian—as Mrs. Tharp's sparkling biography proves.

THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM, by Brian Moore. The hero of this bleak, mordantly humorous novel is a dreamy young man in Belfast who shirks worldly responsibilities to listen to the inner music of the Wallace Stevens poems that he knows by heart. But during a World War II air raid, the world of here and now becomes acutely clear to him; as he helps in the sickening cleanup, he becomes a man.

NEVER CALL RETREAT, by Bruce Catton. Author Catton manages to find fresh facts and fresh emotion in the oft-repeated tale of the Civil War's end. The heart of his book is a thorough analysis of what was at stake, morally and economically, at the close of 1864, and a review of the characters of Lincoln and Lee that reaffirms their place among the U.S.'s toughest and most realistic heroes.

THE GARDENERS OF SALONIKA, by Alan Palmer. Salonika's gardeners were discarded tacticians sent off by World War I commanders in chief to dig trenches on the forgotten Macedonian front. But when French General Franchet d'Esperey landed among the political castoffs, he clearly recognized a strategic advantage and sent his neglected troops slicing toward the heart of Germany through the Balkans, thus hastening the Kaiser's downfall.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. The Man with the Golden Gun, Fleming (4)
3. Airs Above the Ground, Stewart (7)
4. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2)
5. Hotel, Hailey (3)
6. The Green Berets, Moore (5)
7. The Looking Glass War, le Carré (6)
8. Thomas, Mydans
9. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (9)
10. The Robbi, Gordon (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Making of the President, 1964, White (1)
2. Intern, Doctor X (2)
3. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (4)
4. Kennedy, Sorensen
5. My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy, Lincoln (5)
6. Games People Play, Berne (6)
7. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre (3)
8. Never Call Retreat, Catton (8)
9. Manchild in the Promised Land, Brown (7)
10. Markings, Hammarström (9)

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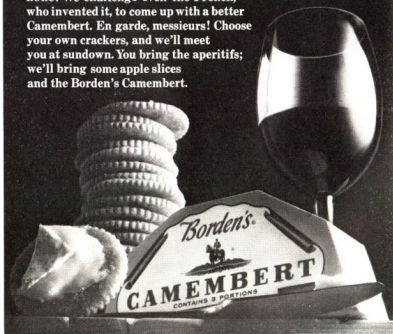
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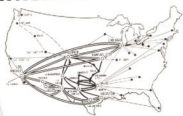


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AIRLINES**



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— VISCONTI II ROUTES — CONNECTING AIRLINES

Bring a bottle of Great Western Wine

The bouquet comes later

"Vous êtes Français?"

"No, sir, we're Americans."

"C'est impossible!"

"C'est New York

State, by way of the Finger Lake hills," trilled the two Great Western white wines. Moral: White wines

bearing the Great Western label make wines of import blush. Tonight, draw on the golden harvest of **Great Western Sauterne:** crisscross of sweet and dry. The velvet yield of grapes plucked from the last vines of Autumn, the last grapes to leave the vine for the vintner's press.

Its bouquet

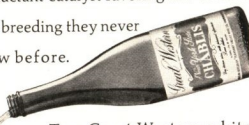
is all the sweeter for its lateness. Its dryness all the more pleasurable for the delay. The paler viands and the gustier fowl wait all the more expectantly for the fair arrival.

Great Western wines the world around its little Finger Lake with the dry and the sweet—the still and the sparkling—all the way up to Champagne. 25 great ones gleaned from New York State after 106 years by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N. Y.



Break bread gently with

Great Western Chablis. A disarming dryness smoothed to pristine pale. Grapes no sooner blooming than picked. With a fragrant bouquet shyly offered. A reluctant catalyst favoring fish or fowl with breeding they never knew before.



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Our point is this: When you're out of town on business, you've got enough to think about. Important things—important to your job and your success.

You don't want to have to think about the Chevrolet or other fine car you rented from us. Fully-inflated tires, clean ashtrays, brimming gas tank, etc.—they should just be there.

Ed McManus, Vice President of Whitehall Laboratories, once told us something. When a company sends a man out on the road—he's on the road to success. Or he's already there.

Our promise. No roadblocks.



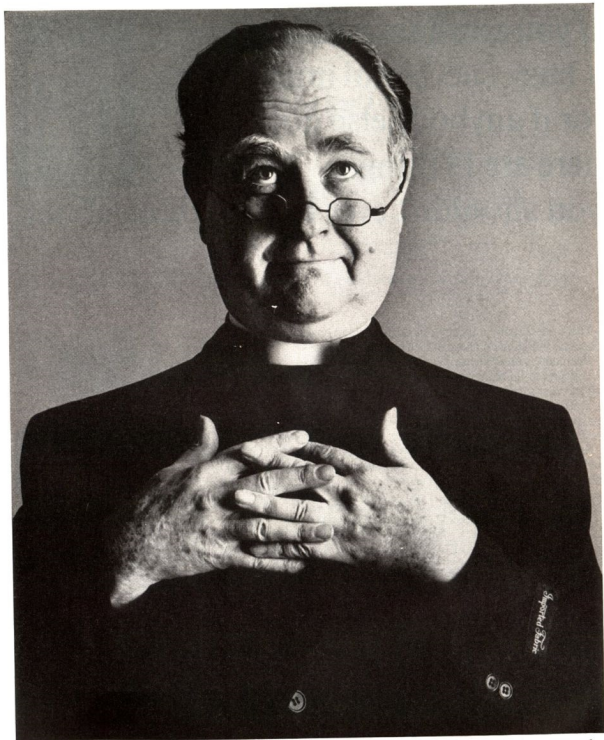
Ed McManus, Vice President

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(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



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To err is human. Anybody can make a mistake.

But if you want to be infallible for once in your life, don't peer at the salesman. Don't stare at the ceiling.

Look at the label.

A lot of countries copy our patterns. And

try to match our weaving process. They even shop for sheep in the same place we do. But it's what they do with what they've got after they get it that makes all the difference in the woollens you're wearing.

No one can match British know-how. We were making woollens back when Julius

Caesar was making enemies.

So don't let them tell you it doesn't matter. Or that all imported fabrics are alike. Five years from now, you'll be awfully glad you insisted on British wool.

Believe us.

Look for the British label.

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OUT FRONT
IN '66...in a Rocket Action Olds!
TORONADO



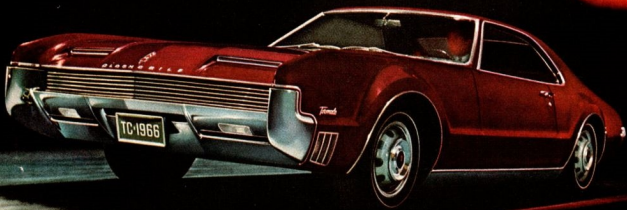
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The new one-of-a-kind car...engineered by Oldsmobile!



 Speculation's over. Toronado's here! New proof of Oldsmobile engineering leadership. Only full-size car with front wheel drive. Gives you up-front traction . . . flat floors . . . six-passenger spaciousness! Plus exceptional stability . . . the year's most advanced styling! All on a big 119-inch wheelbase — powered by a 385-hp Rocket V-8! Rumor's over. Toronado's here! **LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!** ►

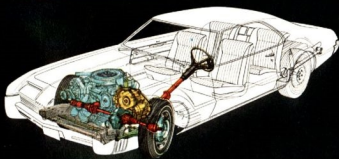
ONLY FROM OLDS a car like this!



Only Toronado looks this new! Low-slung nose. Fastback fuselage. Concealed headlamps. Massive wheels with 10 cut-outs to help cool brakes. And full-view side windows, a functional feature of Toronado's unique draft-free ventilation.

Only Toronado rides this new! Smart setting for your solo in America's most distinctive car! Roomy, easy-to-enter interiors, flat floors carry six in solid comfort. And Toronado's luxurious, sporty seats beg you to buckle up and begone!

Only Toronado drives this new! 385-hp V-8 engine feeds power to front wheels via Turbo Hydra-Matic. Toronado pulls (rather than pushes) you through tight turns. Improves traction, increases road stability. And vibration is almost obsolete!



Another first from Oldsmobile! Toronado, only full-size car with front wheel drive! Engine, transmission, differential and steering are all up front . . . to put the traction where the action is!

Out front in '66

TORONADO



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your brand
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unusable salt" poses a problem. The residue of a large desalting plant is only 7% salt and can be discharged into the ocean.

JOHN W. SIMPSON
Group Vice President
Westinghouse Electric Corp.
Pittsburgh

Sir: Your story is topnotch. But we disagree with your statement that Westinghouse is "the U.S.'s largest producer of multistage flash-distillation systems." Aqua-Chem has installed 50 units at 17 locations around the world, operating on sea water, with a capacity of 6,200,000 gal. a day. Production by Westinghouse consists of 14 units, seven locations and 5,500,000 gal. a day.

F. A. LOEBEL
President

Aqua-Chem, Inc.
Waukesha, Wis.

The Promised Land

Sir: Your excellent story on immigration [Oct. 1] brought back memories of my arrival on your shores 43 years ago, when I landed on Ellis Island to find in this promised land the most precious thing I have ever owned—the dignity of man.

GEORGE M. MARDIKIAN
President

Cultural Heritage Committee
San Francisco

Sir: You ignore the question of immigrants' motivations. Before World War II, our image was one of rugged independence, of unlimited opportunity for the diligent. We therefore attracted people with these characteristics. Today we are known as the most excellent of lands to be incapacitated or poor in. The concept of America as a land of bottomless public treasures spewing money into the pockets of all who can muster enough energy to jet over attracts only those who wish to exploit our misguided generosity.

MARY JANE PLOTUICK

Freeport, N.Y.

The Colosseum

Sir: I am outraged at the prostitution of justice we have just witnessed in Lowndes County, Ala. [Oct. 8]. If there is any sure sign of decay in the fiber of this country, it is in allowing this legal fakery to go on. Alabama has become a modern Colosseum where good men, Negro and white, are fed to the animals.

(THE REV.) JOHN E. POUX

Eric, Pa.

Sir: The Federal Government must take over the anarchic governments of Mississippi and Alabama and give the Klan killers fair trials. Double jeopardy would not apply because the killers never were in first jeopardy at their mock trials.

ALFRED T. KING

Chicago

Sir: For Man of the Year: Alabama's Attorney General Richmond Flowers for his steadfast refusal to compromise high principles.

SARA G. PRINCE

Maxwell A.F.B., Ala.

No Yes-Man Dirksen

Sir: Hats off to Senator Dirksen and his stand on repeal of Section 14(b) [Oct. 1]. My disgust with the 89th Congress and its faceless mass of yes men has been somewhat alleviated by Dirksen's refusal to knuckle under to the autocracy of the

The Round Tire!

It rolls at least 3,000 miles further.



We can't understand why everybody doesn't insist on them!

It's not hard to find The Round Tire. Over 50,000 service stations stock it. And the price is right. So why shouldn't you have a set on your car? You can expect at least 3,000 more miles of wear. And isn't that what you want?

Atlas has a much rounder mold!

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Why so fussy? This rounder tire rolls more smoothly, wears more evenly—so evenly it wears longer. And

roundness is just one of the many reasons the Atlas **PLYCRON*** Tire gives longer wear.

Cord strength, wrap-around tread, many other things are important, too. The point is, only a tire this carefully built can give you those extra miles.

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Harman-Kardon, creator of Stratophonic Sound—a totally new experience in stereo realism—now brings you this incredibly lifelike quality in a complete stereo music system... the great new Stratophonic SC-440.

Here for the first time are perfectly matched components: a powerful all-transistor AM/FM stereo receiver, built-in Garrard automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus, and a pair of radically new Harman-Kardon speakers designed especially for this remarkable system... speakers which disperse the sound widely to produce the full stereo effect even in a small room.

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Johnson Administration. Compulsory unionism is akin to compulsory Communism, and no American should stand for it.

DEREK T. HAFF

Las Vegas, Nev.

Well, Almost Any Time

Sir: Who owns that car parked in front of H.H.H.'s house [Oct. 1]? You know—the one in front of the sign marked "No Parking Any Time."

RICHARD S. GLANTZ

Cambridge, Mass.

► Mrs. Humphrey's secretary: the Vice President's car was blocking the drive to the parking area.

Master of the Star

Sir: About your piece on the Star's 85th anniversary celebration [Oct. 1]. The quotation on my funeral was a wee bit garbled. What I said was that I would have the biggest funeral anybody ever had in Kansas City because, after all the political battles I had been through, folks would show up to be sure the old bastard was dead. Your story said "their old master." I have never been a master of anybody, including myself sometimes, I think.

ROY A. ROBERTS

The Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Mo.

Unhappy Hunting

Sir: You people at TIME will have fun taking two mallards along the Central and Mississippi flyways [Oct. 1], at least until a warden tells you that one day is the limit. Happy hunting!

WILLIAM E. KRETSCHMAR

Venturia, N. Dak.

Invitation to a Bath

Sir: So the water goes down the drain clockwise in the Southern Hemisphere, counterclockwise in the Northern [Sept. 24]. We are on the Equator. If anyone wants to prove there is no vortex here, I invite him to visit our bathroom.

LUIS W. LEVY

Quito, Ecuador

Odd Child Out

Sir: How does Mr. Otis mark his pictures tests [Oct. 1]? Should my daughter say that the lamp is odd-man-out in the group of dog kennel, lamp, beehive and bird's nest? Or does he think the bird's nest stands apart because it is not man-made? A few more groups like that and my daughter might come out a moron.

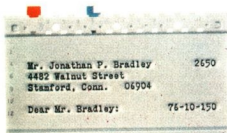
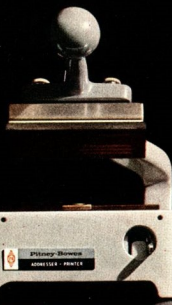
STANLEY FROUD

New York City

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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1965

Bernard M. Auer

THE people who make the news are usually the people who have made the scene—the big names at home in the headlines. But to the journalist, the world's cast of characters includes many names that may be of great importance in their own fields while relatively little known outside them. These people, too, shape and shake events, sometimes even more significantly than the more celebrated personages—and any issue of TIME will prove it.

This week's cover subject, for example, though a major figure in the academic world, is hardly a celebrity in the nation, despite the fact that he wields unprecedented powers that permeate the entire structure of U.S. education. Other relatively unfamiliar but significant names in this issue:

Outerbridge Horsey, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, didn't make big news in the conventional sense last week any more than did the State Department. But Washington's conduct of foreign affairs—and the conduct and competence of U.S. ambassadors—is more important than ever, as is made clear in this week's Essay on the intricate and much-maligned institution known as Foggy Bottom.

Dr. James C. Cain of the Mayo Clinic, longtime friend and personal physician to the President, is known to most medical men. Last week he came to national attention as the man who recruited the surgical team that successfully operated on President Johnson. See THE NATION & MEDICINE.

Altaf Gauhar is Pakistan's propecking information chief. His views are directly reflected in his country's increasingly anti-U.S. press. See THE WORLD.

Aleida Guevara, dressed in black and fighting fears, listened as Fidel

Castro read a servile, six-month-old farewell letter from her husband Che, once the dictator's trusted lieutenant—who may or may not be alive. The incident revealed the deep fissures in Castro's regime. See THE HEMISPHERE.

Don Adams, a known TV performer but still far short of star magnitude, is the heel-hero of NBC's new *Get Smart!* Although it breaks all program conventions, the show is near the top of the ratings heap. See SHOW BUSINESS.

Leo Beranek is the acoustician who designed Philharmonic Hall at New York's Lincoln Center. He spent four years planning what should be the country's leading concert hall, yet critics keep saying that he created an acoustical dud. See Music.

William Goodhart in his first play, *Generation*, scores a hit and brings the somnolent Broadway season to life. See THEATER.

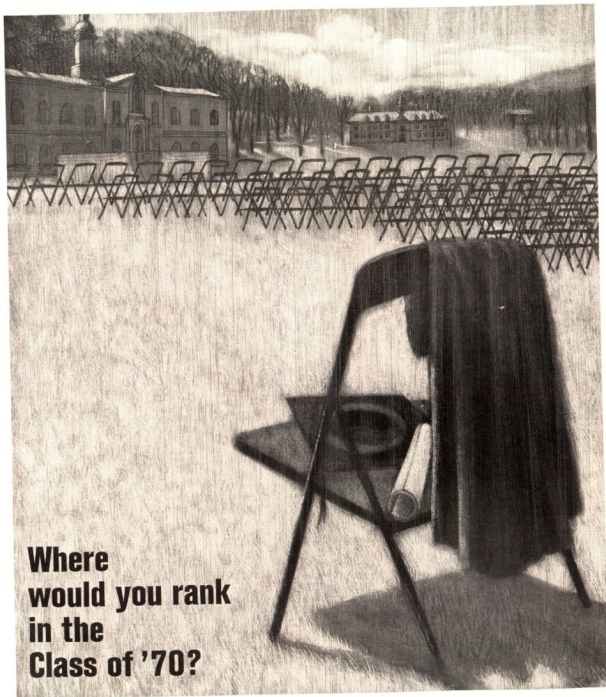
Edward Kienholz is a former farmer turned artist who is making a name for himself with grisly "tableaux," assemblages of unrelated objects that range from plastic bubbles to coat racks. He typifies a new wave in California. See Art.

Harry Grylls is chief designer for Rolls-Royce, which, after ten years of hush-hush planning, unveiled a new look for the venerable and long-immutable car—everything changed but the grilles. Grylls is the man who saved the grilles. See WORLD BUSINESS.

Laurence Witten, an obscure antiquarian bookseller in New Haven, unearthed a 15th century European map that compels a reappraisal of the entire age of New World exploration and is rated by the Yale Library as its "most exciting single acquisition in modern times." See Books.

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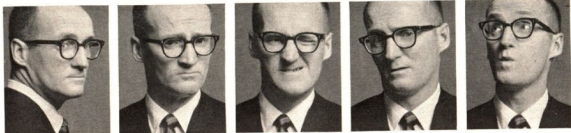
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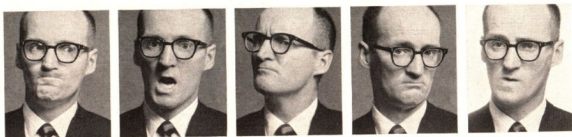
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 15, 1965

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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

"Not a Usual Man"

The clock read 6:15 a.m. when the patient was wheeled into the operating suite. A team of ten masked, green-gowned doctors made final preparations. By 6:50 a.m., the patient was asleep under general anesthesia. Ten minutes later, the chief surgeon murmured "scalpel?" and the operation was under way. There was a swift, sure incision, then a slow, deliberate excision. By 9:15 a.m., the last suture was in place, the operation complete. "It's wonderful," breathed one of the doctors, "just wonderful."

It was a routine familiar to anyone who has ever watched a hospital drama on TV. This time the action was nerve-rackingly real, the patient the President of the U.S. Despite all the advance assurances that there was little danger to Lyndon Johnson's life, a tremor of apprehension rippled around the world from the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md. And in fact for four hours and ten minutes, from the moment when the President was anesthetized until he fully awakened at 11 a.m., the awesome powers and responsibilities of his

office devolved upon Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

Guarded Secret. Though it was to end as history's most publicized gall-bladder operation,* Johnson's ailment was a rigidly guarded secret for almost a month. His troubles began last Sept. 7, the day after Labor Day. In his first-floor bedroom at the LBJ Ranch, he awakened shortly after 6 a.m. with a sharp abdominal pain. His first thought was that it might have been something he ate. Then, perhaps mindful of the pains that accompanied his near-fatal heart attack in 1955, Lyndon woke Lady Bird, talked it over with her, and agreed that he had better summon the White House physician, Vice Admiral George G. Burkley, asleep in the guest-house 100 strides down the road. Burkley quickly diagnosed a malfunctioning gall bladder.

When X rays in the White House

* Other famous men have been martyrs to gall bladders or kidney stones. Among them: Samuel Pepys, the 17th-century English diarist who suffered most of his life from kidney and bladder stones, finally died of them; Napoleon Bonaparte, who was plagued by agonizing gallstone colic from the age of 30 until his death at 51.

basement clinic confirmed the diagnosis, several doctors recommended that the organ be removed. The question was—when? Rather than detract from Pope Paul VI's historic visit to the U.S., Lyndon decided to wait until after Oct. 4. His medical advisers approved. For a man about to undergo major surgery, he was clearly overweight. So Lyndon, who fights a constant, losing battle to subdue his passion for pies and chocolate bars, went on a strict diet. Thus the President had seldom seemed in better shape (down from 220 to 202 lbs.) when he flew up to Manhattan the day before the Pope's visit, to sign the new immigration bill in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Next afternoon, after Pope and President had conferred privately for 46 minutes in a 35th floor suite at the Waldorf Towers, the two leaders faced the TV cameras; again, L.B.J. seemed fit and—for him—relaxed.

Mystery's End. On the press plane back to Washington on Monday, White House aides advised reporters to stick around the next day. As they waited, in late afternoon, Humphrey ducked unnoticed into the Oval Office, where Lyndon handed him the statement announcing his forthcoming operation. Taken



ARRIVING AT BETHESDA WITH LADY BIRD



WALKING ONE DAY AFTER SURGERY

For four nerve-racking hours, a tremor of apprehension rippled the world.

aback, the Vice President sank wordlessly into a chair beside the desk. "Hubert," said the President, "you remember the procedures we put in effect earlier. We ought to use those." "Whatever you say, Mr. President," blurted Humphrey, "but I'm sure we won't need them." Said Lyndon: "I think you ought to be here on Friday." The two men thus implemented an agreement they had reached before their January inaugurations, ensuring that "in the event of inability," the Vice President "would serve as Acting President." Identical agreements were concluded by Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon, as well as by John F. Kennedy and Johnson.

For the waiting newsmen, the first



VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY
Prior agreement.

concrete evidence of big news in the making was the President's announcement that the Cabinet would meet at 4:45 p.m. When the meeting ended, Lyndon finally summoned the press into the Cabinet Room to end the mystery. The President sat alone at the massive table, his face grave but calm. He began reading from a single sheet of paper, summarizing the past month's diagnoses and decisions. "I will therefore enter Bethesda Naval Hospital Thursday night," said the President, "for surgery Friday." The newsmen stood silent, shocked. Lyndon reassured them: "The doctors expect there will be minimal time during which I will not be conducting business as usual."

Undercoating Job. Within hours, Lyndon's gall bladder was the world's biggest news. The announcement had been skillfully timed: it was early enough for late evening editions, too late for the last-closing U.S. stock exchange. Even greater care was taken to avoid unnecessary alarm. Making it sound like an undercoating job on the family car, White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers described the operation as a bit of "preventive maintenance." Cardiologist J. Willis Hurst, who attended the President after his 1955

coronary, declared that Lyndon was "in the category of risk equal to that of a man who never had a heart attack."

A bevy of medical consultants attested to the "routine" nature of the operation. Thus, by contrast with the "Cardiac Break" that greeted Dwight Eisenhower's 1955 heart attack, prompting a loss on the New York Stock Exchange of 31 points in the Dow-Jones industrial average and of \$14 billion in paper values the first day, Wall Street experienced no "Gall-Bladder Break"; by week's end the Dow-Jones industrial average was only 1.3 points under its alltime closing high.

"I Feel Great." In the next two days, Johnson maintained a pace that might have put many a younger man in hospital. He shook hundreds of hands, spoke thousands of words, kept so many appointments that the mimeographed White House schedule of daily activities began to read like the Yellow Pages. Warned one concerned visitor: "Mr. President, you're not going to be in condition for the operation if you keep going like this," Lyndon looked miffed. "I feel great," he said.

The day after his announcement, Johnson filmed a speech for a weekend meeting of the Bricklayers and Plasterers International Union, received a delegation from Appalachia, attended a couple of parties, invited himself to a cartoonists' luncheon at the National Press Club. Up before 7 a.m. next day, he signed a rural water- and sewage-facilities bill, proclaimed White Cane Safety Day in aid of the blind, chatted by phone with an Army sergeant convalescing in San Francisco from wounds suffered in Viet Nam. He greeted "Miss Wool of 1965," signed a proclamation making Oct. 20 a National Day of Prayer, addressed an international water-desalination symposium, conferred with countless aides.

Thursday evening Lyndon staged a "Salute to Congress," his appreciation of the most productive session in its history. As it turned out, the House was too busy producing to adjourn in time, so that the curtain was 1½ hours late, and the State Department auditorium only one-fourth filled—most audibly with fuming congressional wives.

Built around Thomas Wolfe's patriotic prose poem *Burning in the Night*, the Salute started with an overture by Ferde Grofé, 73, who composed it in seven days, along with background music for the whole show, despite a recent stroke that has paralyzed his right side (he had to write it with the left hand). Interspersed with Actor Hugh O'Brian's reading of the poem were songs by the Bitter End Singers, the Serendipity Singers, Anita Bryant, Mahalia Jackson and the Metropolitan Opera's Robert Merrill, who dressed in buckskins and boots to belt out *Oklahoma!* and *Tumblin' Tumbleweed*.

\$1.09 a Day. When it was over, the President mounted the stage. "I have a midnight deadline," he said. "They're calling a curfew on me." While the oth-

ers went on to the White House for a buffet dinner and dancing, Lyndon and Lady Bird whisked off in a Cadillac limousine, made it to Bethesda 20 minutes ahead of the curfew.

Because the President was unhappy with his 17th-floor suite when he was hospitalized for a cold in January (it was too hot, the elevators were too slow, and cooking fumes from an adjoining galley were overpowering), a 20-room complex of classrooms and labs on the third floor had been remodeled. Under Lady Bird's direction, Lyndon's bed-sitting room had been decked out with wood paneling, pale green curtains and carpeting. His favorite rocking chair was there, with



PRESS SECRETARY MOYERS
Preventive maintenance.

color photos of his family, autographed pictures of his five predecessors in office, and four paintings of the Southwest. Near the President's bed were a battery of phones, including a direct line to the White House, and a three-screen TV console. The charge for room and medical services to the President, as Commander in Chief (and Navy veteran), is the same as for any Navy man: \$1.09 a day—unless he elects, as he did in January, to pay the \$42-a-day rate for nonmilitary patients.

Cable to Saigon. After a 17½-hour day, Lyndon was abed by 12:20 a.m. At 5 o'clock, just as his party for Congress was breaking up, the President rose, showered, shaved and read to his nurse some passages from John Bailey's *Book of Family Prayer*. Press Secretary Moyers arrived at 5:20 for last-minute instructions, and Lyndon had a slew of them, including a request to cable General William C. Westmoreland, U.S. commander in South Viet Nam, right after the operation, "so our men in Viet Nam will know of my progress."

Before the President was wheeled off to the operating room, Moyers—an ordained Baptist minister—led Lyndon, Lady Bird and Daughter Luci in pray-

ers. Then, down corridors guarded by somber marines and Secret Service men, the President was moved to the 40-ft.-by-20-ft. operating room, with Moyers trotting alongside. Three Secret Service men in surgical masks and gowns scrutinized the operation. A fourth guarded the door of the operating room, while others were positioned throughout the building. The operation went as smoothly as anyone could have hoped, even to the removal of a ragged 1-in. kidney stone,* whose presence doctors had detected, but not announced in advance (see MEDICINE).

As soon as the operation was over, Moyers phoned Humphrey to inform him that all had gone well. It took only seven seconds to put through the call. Then the press secretary mounted the stage of the hospital's movie theater to announce: "The operation was a complete success." By 11 a.m. the President was fully awake. Summoning Moyers, he asked: "Bill, how are you?" Moyers, swathed in a surgical gown, brought good news. His first words to the boss: "The stock market opened strong today, Mr. President."

150 Scalpels. The operation's success brought a wave of relief—and some good-natured jokes. According to one, Lyndon had ordered his surgeon to use 150 scalpels so he could pass them out to Congressmen in lieu of pens. Another averred that, immediately on awakening, Lyndon aimed to telephone Hubert: "Get out of my chair." In fact, Humphrey got nowhere near it. For a few hours, he was on call in the Executive Office Building across the street from the White House, but no call ever came. His unofficial tenure as Acting President was over by luncheon.

The vital link between Johnson and the world was Bill Moyers, 31, the ulcer-plagued, brilliant man Friday whom Lyndon regards almost as a son. It was Moyers who was to be informed first if anything went wrong. And it was he who would have had to decide whether the President's condition warranted the transfer of power to the Vice President. By noon, as it turned out, Moyers announced: "I believe that the President is able to make the decisions that might be necessary."

Only three hours after he had awakened, Johnson walked a few steps. He complained of "some discomfort," looked pallid and faced the irksome prospect of a lightened work load until mid-November. Some slowdown! The morning after his operation, newsroom teletypes across the U.S. clattered out an Associated Press bulletin: WASHINGTON, OCT. 9 (AP)—PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS UP BEFORE DAWN TODAY AND SIGNED INTO LAW 13 BILLS.

"The President," as Family Physician James C. Cain put it, "is not a usual man."

* Johnson still keeps in a box and shows to occasional visitors a kidney stone he had removed by surgery in 1955.

The World at His Bedside

Not until the illnesses of Dwight Eisenhower was the world treated to the intimate, suture-by-suture reporting of presidential ailments that characterized the official treatment of Lyndon Johnson's operation last week. When Grover Cleveland had an operation for cancer of the jaw in 1893, he slipped away for surgery aboard a boat off Long Island. During the five months when Woodrow Wilson lay paralyzed by a stroke in 1919, the nation was scarcely aware that he was sick. Franklin Roosevelt had been ailing for months before his cerebral hemorrhage in Warm Springs, Ga., in 1945, but the public



IKE AFTER HEART ATTACK
Clinical candor.

was told nothing of his condition until after he was dead.

Though foreigners deplore the clinical candor of White House bulletins on Ike and L.B.J., the Chief Executive's health is no longer his private business. Nor should it be, for since World War II the U.S. President's role in world affairs, and his ability to discharge it, have become matters of global concern. With television and jet planes to thrust him into homes and home towns the world over, the President is also much closer to the people than ever before. This was recognized by Jim Hagerty, Eisenhower's press secretary, who with Dr. Paul Dudley White was largely responsible for the detailed exegesis of the President's September 1955 heart attack and seven-week recuperation. "Every American family has had a heart attack in it," reasoned Hagerty. "People are deeply interested in the President's recovery." Thus, White House aides released such minutiae as his rectal temperature and bowel movements, embarrassing as many citizens as they reassured.

Public Detail. When Ike had his ileitis attack in June 1956, there were not many Americans who could boast that

they had an inflammation of the lower intestinal tract in the family. It was potentially dangerous in view of the President's heart condition. Yet, curiously enough, Ike seems not to have been unduly disturbed by the attack or his operation. In the second, concluding volume of his presidential memoirs (*The White House Years, 1956-61: Waging Peace*), out this week, he devotes only one paragraph to that illness, recalls: "Strangely enough, although I was truly miserable for several days, I was never disturbed by the doubts that beset so many others."

Eisenhower's third illness in office, a minor stroke suffered in November 1957, kept him inactive for no more than 72 hours. Nonetheless, this "spasm" was clearly an awesome experience for him. In *Waging Peace*, a book that is generally short on personal insights and long on familiar facts, Ike discusses his reactions in detail.

As he was about to sign some papers, he writes, "I experienced a strange although not alarming feeling of dizziness. Since the sensation lasted only a moment, I reached for another paper. Suddenly I became frustrated. It was difficult for me to take hold of the first paper on the pile. I found that the words on it seemed literally to run off the top of the page. Now more than a little bewildered, I dropped the pen. Failing in two or three attempts to pick it up, I decided to get to my feet, and at once found I had to catch hold of my chair for stability." When an aide arrived, the President could not speak coherently: "Words, but not the ones I wanted, came to my tongue."

Private Test. Shortly after the attack, the President underwent exhaustive clinical tests ("all over my head electrodes were held in place by small mudballs"). The results were reassuring, but he continued to agonize over the possibility that he might not be fully capable of expressing himself or making decisions. So Ike devised his own "simple, logical test to see whether I was physically and mentally capable of serving as President"; he decided to attend a "presumably strenuous" NATO conference in Paris in December, 1957. "If I felt the results to be less than satisfactory, then I would resign," he recalls. All went well, and he even made a speech.

Thereafter, he says, "no question of the kind again occurred to me." Nonetheless, Eisenhower never fully overcame his speech difficulty, confesses that "even today I occasionally reverse syllables in a long word, and at times am compelled to speak slowly and cautiously if I am to enunciate clearly." In every other respect, however, Ike today seems as chipper as ever. This week, in appreciation of his present vigor and past feats, Republicans will gather to salute the former President at banquet tables from Alaska to Connecticut. The occasion: Dwight Eisenhower's 75th birthday.

THE CONGRESS

Ev's Extendalong

"The lines are intact," intoned Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, "the boys are prepared. The captains are on duty at the appointed hour in the appointed place. The speakers are ready."

No one was more battle-ready than Generalissimo Dirksen, 69. After months of threatening what he calls "extended debate" to block repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's celebrated section 14(b), Ev's hour had come. Dirksen, who on most days is about as *soigné* as Margaret Rutherford, even subjugated his mutinous curls, donned a neatly pressed blue suit, and had a shoeshine in honor of the occasion. An occasion it certainly was, presaging as it did one of the few defeats dealt Lyndon Johnson by the prodigiously productive 89th Congress.

The Administration, determined to honor a campaign debt to organized labor, was unconditionally committed to repeal of the Taft-Hartley "right to work" clause, anathema to labor because it allows individual states to outlaw the union shop. Nevertheless, Dirksen's filibuster, powered by a hard-core coalition of some 38 Republicans and southern Democrats, seemed insurmountable, for the Administration could not possibly muster the two-thirds majority (67 votes) to invoke cloture. So, unable to stop the show and concerned that it might prove too arduous for elderly Senators, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield ruled out the seriocomic, all-day-all-night marathons of filibusters past. "The opposition to repeal is such, and the rules of the Senate are such, that a final disposition of 14(b) can be delayed for weeks or months," declared Mansfield. "That is the reality. Ten-hour sessions, twelve-hour sessions, 24-hour sessions will not change the reality."

Featherbedding. Then, with only five Senators on the floor, a radiant Ev Dirksen led off the extendalong with a three-hour-20-minute oration. It was a mere trumpet flourish compared to some buncombe spectaculars of the past. Under Mansfield's gentlemanly ground rules, of course, this was more like featherbedding than filibustering. Dirksen read newspaper editorials, won permission to have sacks of anti-repeal mail brought into the chamber, told Dirkseneseque jokes to his colleagues. "I am sure the Senator has heard about the school-teacher who said, 'Johnny, how do you spell straight?' Johnny replied, 'S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t.' The teacher said, 'What does that mean?' Johnny answered, 'Without ginger ale.'"

* The alltime record was set by South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, who in 1957 spoke for 24 hours and 18 minutes against a civil rights bill. The second-longest Senate oration was made in 1951 by Oregon's Wayne Morse, who talked for 22 minutes and 26 minutes against a bill acknowledging state ownership of offshore oil lands.



DIRKSEN & READING MATTER
Subjugated curls.

There was even some overdue debate on the pros and cons of 14(b). Union membership as a condition of employment, argued Dirksen, limits a man's right to earn a living. Said he: "After all the noise and detonations in this chamber about the right to vote, that right cannot compare with the right to work, because inherent in it is the right of survival." Nonsense, replied Tennessee Democrat Ross Bass: "The American worker is never led into a box or into a factory where he has to work. He has the free right of working there or of seeking employment elsewhere. He does not have to work in a given plant. He does not have to pay homage to a labor union."

Nary a Growl. Finally, in the talkathon's fifth day, Mansfield called for a test vote on whether the Senate should continue to debate the bill, his intent being to demonstrate the strength on each side. Wily old Ev was having none

of that. He ordered his cohorts to vote with Mansfield's men to continue debate, so the Senate wound up in unanimous (94-0) but meaningless agreement. Whereupon Mansfield bravely announced that he would try for a cloture vote early this week.

Significantly enough, though it all—indeed, for weeks—there had been nary a growl over 14(b) from the watchdog in the White House. But, unlike the puzzlement posed by the non-barking hound in Sherlock Holmes's celebrated *Silver Blaze* case, there was not much mystery in the silence. Lyndon Johnson knew perfectly well that there was little he could do to save the repeal bill—let alone upstage Ev.

Some Enchanted Evening!

In ones and twos they came, until the galleries were filled with the festive rustling of satin and silk. A wave of perfume penetrated to the farthest corners of the House—but with none of the advertised effects on the male of the species. For despite earlier assurances that the members would be allowed to quit in time to take their wives to Lyndon Johnson's Salute to the 89th Congress, their host had other plans for the House. From 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue on the evening of the party came word that the Representatives should stay in session until they had passed the Administration's highway-beautification bill. After all, Lady Bird had set her heart on it.

Forgotten Bash. Corsages wilted, party gowns wrinkled, coiffures uncoiled. The silence in the galleries grew more and more ominous: the menfolk below had plainly forgotten all about Lyndon's bash. All the Republicans could think about was new amendments to the bill. For example, Kansas' Bob Dole introduced an amendment to give the First Lady rather than the Secretary of Commerce the power to enforce the beautification bill. It got nowhere. Nor did a raft of other G.O.P. amendments. The more the Democrats tried to choke off the beautification debate, the angrier the opposition became.

Mindful of Lyndon's pride in signing bills in the most appropriate possible place, Iowa's H. R. Gross suggested sourly that the President might hold the beautification-bill ceremony on Route 290 outside Austin, in the shade of a billboard advertising the Johnsons' TV and radio station. (The gibe was late; KTCB had removed the blurb last month.) Protested Illinois' Donald Rumsfeld, who supported the bill: "The Democrats were allowing no time to debate constructive amendments. All we could do was get up and hiccup. That's a helluva lousy way to legislate."

The Last Hiccup. After the last hiccup sounded, around midnight, the House approved the bill, 245 to 138, and adjourned at 12:51 a.m. By then, most of the hundred waiting wives had fanned out indignantly on their own—some of them party-bound, but more headed for home. Bouncy little Carl



Albert, the Democratic majority leader, announced: "The party's still on." Most of the Republicans were in too black a mood for celebration after the 14-hour session. Growled one G.O.P. member: "You wouldn't find me dead near the White House."

One consolation—to the President's wife, anyway—was the bill that emerged from the bickering. Like the version already passed by the Senate, it authorizes a federal-state campaign to landscape major roads, screen or remove junkyards from roadsides, and push back billboards so that people can see the scenery. It may even eliminate the ultimate uglification described earlier by Washington's Senator Warren Magnuson. On Route 99, just south of Seattle, said he, the view of distant Mount Rainier is obscured by a Rainier-beer billboard with a painted view of Mount Rainier.

Last week Congress also:

► Completed action, by a Senate vote of 40 to 23, on a \$3.2 billion foreign aid appropriation bill that trimmed only \$241 million from the Administration's original request. The bill, already approved by the House, now goes to the President.

► Passed, by a House vote of 219 to 150, a new four-year agriculture bill that would increase wheat prices an average of 15¢ a bushel, lower supports for next year's cotton crop from 30¢ to 21¢ a pound, with compensatory federal payments to growers who agree to limit production. Overall, the bill aims at reducing the Government's \$4 billion annual price tag for farm surpluses by about \$100 million. The bill was the product of a House-Senate conference committee, now goes to the Senate.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Even Stephens

It looked as if interracial football had finally reached Crawfordville, Ga. Each morning at 7:30 a squad of husky Negro teen-agers huddled on one side of the road while white-helmeted Georgia state troopers lined up on the other. The Negroes charged, the cops stopped them with body blocks and flying tackles, and several dozen white rooters cheered themselves hoarse. Then, after 20 minutes or so, everyone went off to work.

The play was repeated each school day last week outside Crawfordville, a dismal cluster of 20 stores and 786 inhabitants that clings doggedly to its one fading claim to fame: it was the home of Alexander Hamilton Stephens (1812-83), Vice President of the Confederacy. Naturally the town has a school named after Stephens, and though nearly all other Georgia schools are now integrated, its classrooms remain Stephens-white. Last summer, presumably to qualify for sorely needed federal funds, county officials assured Washington that they stood ready to open Stephens to Negroes. Thereupon,

white parents transferred their children in droves to schools in neighboring counties. Though 70 of 560 eligible Negroes applied for admission to the white school, Stephens was closed.

To protest, Negroes—who outnumber whites almost 2 to 1 in Taliaferro County—mounted a daily campaign to board the public school buses that carry white children to nearby communities. By last week the daily scrimmage had aroused one of Georgia's worst racial flare-ups in years. The Ku Klux Klan announced its own drive to "increase tension" in Crawfordville, and for good measure Georgia Klan Dragon Calvin Craig got himself arrested on assault and battery charges for roughing up a Crawfordville Negro demonstrator. Hosea Williams, a Southern Negro lead-

until six weeks ago. Then, when the president of the town's N.A.A.C.P. chapter was cruelly maimed by a booby-trap bomb wired to his automobile accelerator, Natchez Negroes could no longer contain their anger. Week by week, as bitter anti-Klan demonstrations have expanded to protest other longstanding Negro grievances, Natchez has inched toward the flash point.

Tensions reached a new peak last week as a result of a state court order enjoining both Negroes and counter-marching Klansmen from street demonstrations. Negro pickets continued to parade for a dozen demands—notably a city council statement condemning the Klan, desegregation of public facilities such as the library and auditorium, addition of four Negroes to make a to-



NEGROES DASH FOR CRAWFORDVILLE SCHOOL BUS
Scoreless tie.

er directing the Crawfordville campaign, vowed that he would "call out every Negro child in every damned school in the state" in sympathy boycotts. Martin Luther King threatened to descend on the community, and there was brave talk of a march on Atlanta.

With the board-the-bus game still a scoreless tie, the best hope for Crawfordville's Negroes lay with a three-judge Federal Court scheduled to hear a protest suit, brought by a dozen Negro parents, this week in Augusta.

"Nobody Turn Me 'Round"

The Grand Dragon of Mississippi's Ku Klux Klan, an unemployed truck driver named E. L. McDaniel, lives in Natchez. Another familiar figure there is Charles Evers, militant state field director for the N.A.A.C.P. and brother of murdered Medgar. Surprisingly, though these hostile organizations both have strong followings in the old river-front town (pop. 12,000 whites, 11,000 Negroes), they managed to coexist—

tal of six on the 50-man police force—and were arrested in droves.

Snarls in the Streets. Since local jails were too small to hold them, hundreds of Negroes were shipped aboard chartered Trailways buses to Mississippi's Parchman State Penitentiary, a notorious bastille 204 miles away. There, demonstrators charged, they were forced to strip to their underwear and sleep without blankets, many on cold cement floors. Prisoners also protested that they were made to take laxatives but for two days were given no toilet paper. Their plaints, filtering back to Natchez, fanned Negro resentment—and by now the Klan was mobilizing its own forces. One night, enraged Negroes and snarling whites surged menacingly toward each other; only a plea by the N.A.A.C.P.'s Evers persuaded his people to disperse. In five turbulent nights a total of 537 civil rights demonstrators were arrested. Meanwhile, Negroes added several more stores to the list of businesses they are boycotting for re-

fusal to give Negroes better-than-menial jobs; so effective did the boycott become that Negro faces almost vanished from the downtown shopping area.

Last week, just as things seemed to be getting out of hand, Federal Judge Harold Cox of Jackson, acting on the N.A.A.C.P.'s appeal of the state court injunction against demonstrations, ruled that Natchez Negroes could parade against grievances if they marched two abreast on sidewalks and obeyed traffic signals; not to be outdone, the Klan won the same right in a Mississippi court. Cox also ordered all jailed demonstrators released on \$200 bonds. The night of their federal-court victory, Negroes paraded 1,000-strong through Natchez in the city's biggest civil rights demonstration, chanting:

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round.

Gonna keep on awalking,

Keep on atalking.

Marching on to Freedom Land.

Truce at the Table. During a temporary truce at week's end, Lebanese-born Mayor John Nossor sat down with Evers and other local leaders to discuss their grievances. Whatever the outcome, responsible Natchez citizens, white and black, could take some solace from the fact that Nossor is a moderate. The mayor, who has long urged fairer treatment of Negroes, has had his house bombed by white racists and his four stores boycotted by both Negro and white militants. Without Nossor's cool head and Evers' abhorrence of extremist action, Natchez might already have erupted into another Selma.

VIRGINIA

Flutter in Byrdland

"Some chemistry is going on here," exulted Richard Nixon before 450 cheering Republicans at a \$25-a-plate dinner in Arlington last week. "Something new and exciting is happening in Virginia." At which Nixon turned to the principal chemist, A. (for Abner) Linwood Holton, 42, a Harvard-trained lawyer with Spencer Tracy (circa 1940) looks and Lyndonesque vitality.

What has happened in Virginia is that Holton, rallying the state G.O.P. from long hibernation, is making a spirited attempt to take over the governorship from Democrat Albertis S. Harrison Jr., who is barred by state law from succeeding himself. Though Holton's official opponent is Lieutenant Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr., 50, his most potent adversary is U.S. Senator Harry F. Byrd, 78, the aged boss and personification of Virginia politics.

In Byrdland, a Democratic bastion ruled by America's most deeply entrenched family oligarchy, the G.O.P. has not won a single statewide elective post since 1926, when young Harry took over the Statehouse as Governor and began consolidating his all-powerful political machine. For that matter, no



REPUBLICAN HOLTON



DEMOCRAT GODWIN

Can a brass cymbal beat an ancient oligarchy?

Republican has been elected Governor since Reconstruction days. Moreover, despite his loosening hold on Virginia politics, Byrd's own conservative followers and dissident middle-road Democrats have closed ranks this year behind Godwin, who won the Democratic nomination by default when no other possible gubernatorial candidates filed for the primary.

Beating the Poll Tax. Republican Holton's optimism has nonetheless been buoyed by signs of unprecedented G.O.P. activity around the state. Many Virginia precincts and districts have their first Republican organizations in history, and the party has produced a bumper crop of legislative candidates: 14 for the 40-member state senate, 51 for the 100-man house. During a 24-hour statewide tour last week, Holton and Nixon drew bigger crowds in many towns than any other Republicans have mustered in Virginians' memory.

To keep them growing, Holton has been hammering away at the deleterious effects of the Byrd dynasty, claiming that Virginia's school-dropout rate of 40% is exceeded by only two other states (Mississippi and New Mexico); that the state is 45th in per-capita expenditures for mental health and spends a smaller percentage of per-capita income for higher education than any other Southern state. Holton's most impassioned attacks are reserved for Godwin's anti-integration record and his support for the \$1.50 poll tax, which Virginia voters must pay three years in advance of each state election. "I'm going to hang the poll tax around Godwin's neck," promises Holton, "and beat it like a brass cymbal all over Virginia."

Godwin's neck is out. As a state senator, he led the Byrd machine's "massive resistance" campaign against school in-

tegration in 1959 and 1960, and has faithfully supported segregationist, budget-cutting legislation. However, since his election to the lieutenant-governorship in 1961, he has been carefully cultivating a more moderate image. Last year, with an eye to the Statehouse, Godwin campaigned vigorously for Lyndon Johnson while most Byrd stalwarts either sat on their hands or roundly supported Barry Goldwater. Godwin maintains that his earlier advocacy of segregated schools gave Virginians a "breathing period" in which to adjust peacefully to inevitable change; he also is now running as a champion of education.

Courting the Negroes. In a once militantly white-supremacist state, the candidate's moderation on racial issues is due in large part to Virginia's growing Negro electorate, now 200,000 strong, whose overwhelming support for Lyndon Johnson last year swung Virginia to a Democratic presidential candidate for the first time since 1948. In November the G.O.P. will field the first Negro who has won his party's primary to run for the general assembly since the 1890s.

Holton's backers claim that he already has the support of 45% of Virginia's voters, and can win if he captures 65% of the Negro vote. Actually, despite the Republican's more liberal racial views, most Virginia Negroes appear reluctant to swing back so soon to the party that ran Barry Goldwater only last year; few black faces were seen among the crowds that heard Holton and Nixon last week. Nonetheless, Holton may gain unexpected strength from a sizable new voting element: the young federal employees and their families who have fanned out across the Potomac to settle in Virginia's Fairfax and Arlington Counties. Many are mobile, highly professional newcomers who

have liberal views but consider themselves politically independent; though employed by a Democratic Administration, they may well prefer a moderate Republican to a Byrd-backed Democrat. Whichever way they go, Holton seems certain to poll a record vote for a Republican gubernatorial candidate—but probably not enough to beat Godwin.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Bomb That Didn't Drop

One of the most enduring indictments of the U.S. in Asia is that racial considerations underlay Washington's decision in World War II to drop atomic bombs on yellow Japanese rather than white Germans. Last week retired Lieut. General Leslie R. Groves, head of the wartime Manhattan Project that produced the bomb, disclosed that, on the contrary, President Roosevelt was "perfectly prepared" to change plans and order a nuclear attack on Germany.

Roosevelt, said Groves, was determined to prevent a military stalemate in Europe. On Dec. 30, 1944, as the Allied offensive bogged down in the Battle of the Bulge, Groves and War Secretary Henry L. Stimson went to the White House to brief F.D.R. about the progress of the nuclear program. Roosevelt announced his willingness to use the bomb against the Nazis if necessary to make Germany capitulate. Though the first atomic-test explosion was not to take place until the following July 16 in New Mexico—21 days before the bomb was actually dropped on Japan—Groves promised the President: "We can and will do it." The decision, of course, was taken out of home-front hands by the U.S. Army, which by Jan. 3, 1945 had stopped Hitler's panzer divisions and allowed the Allied attack to roll forward again, thus sparing Germany the worse fate of atomic devastation.

YOUTH

More Boon Than Doggle

Since its inception in August 1964, the many-faceted, \$2.5 billion anti-poverty program directed by Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity has experienced a predictable pattern of controversy, red tape and scandal. There have been beatings, riots and extortion at Job Corps camps, where underprivileged youths from 16 to 21 are housed and given job training. Bureaucratic delays in processing Job Corps applications have caused countless prospective trainees to lose interest in the program. In Chicago and other cities, critics of anti-poverty youth programs object chiefly that they are uninspired make-work projects patterned after the boondoggling Depression-era WPA.

Last week the problems of the anti-poverty program seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing. In Johnston, R.I., it turned out that the 91

youths enrolled in an anti-poverty program came from families whose incomes average \$5,004, far above the \$2,400 ceiling set by OEO. Five members of the Colorado Springs anti-poverty governing body were found to have police records for such offenses as sodomy, escape from a mental institution, burglary, operation of a disorderly house, and suspected assault with intent to commit murder. In Manhattan, Negro officials of HARYOU-ACT,* which has received \$2,400,000 from OEO, were subpoenaed by the district attorney, whose suspicion was aroused when a youngster complained that he had not been paid in five weeks. A suspended aide then accused the officials of misusing city and federal funds, paying excessive executive salaries and falsifying their accounts.

Long, Cool Summer. Though these and other charges made the headlines, the great, little-noted majority of federally aided anti-poverty programs in 13,344 different U.S. areas seem by contrast to be more boon than doggle. Nearly 350,000 underprivileged youngsters (the majority of them Negro) are currently working in the most effective of all the organizations: the Neighborhood Youth Corps. Their new-found employment has put money in their pockets, taught them work skills and hobbies, and—despite fears of Wattslike racial violence—helped make the past summer

* For Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited and Associated Community Team. The war on poverty has probably spawned more hopeful acronyms than any other federal program. Detroit hopes to TAP (Total Action Against Poverty) youthful energies, while Portland, Me., seeks to PROSP (Portland Regional Opportunities Program) the poor. The OEO boasts VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America). Denver's youth program, embroiled in political controversy, is prophetically entitled UWOP (Denver War On Poverty).

a long, cool one for most of the U.S.

In Philadelphia, where 4,700 youths employed in nine Youth Corps projects work in the city's parks, housing projects and schools, Mrs. June Moore, district director of the corps, is convinced that the program has brought peace—if not brotherly love—to Philadelphia. "These are strenuous jobs," she says. "These young people are tired when they go home, too tired to be standing on corners all night."

Escape from Suffocation. The Youth Corps has provided more positive dividends. In Chicago, where 9,400 youngsters held corps jobs this summer, nearly a thousand high school dropouts have been lured back to classes with offers of part-time corps jobs during the school term. Atlanta's Youth Corps claims that its projects have kept another 1,000 youths in school, placed 300 dropouts in job training or permanent employment and successfully integrated Negro and white supervision in every one of twelve neighborhood centers.

To Robert Roselle, 39, in charge of corps projects that employ and counsel 4,000 Detroit youngsters, the program has yielded other valuable, if less tangible, benefits: "The corps has taught them that they had to be some place on time, to dress better and to manage money. It also got them away from the suffocating environment at home." Perhaps the most striking success of the Youth Corps and the whole OEO philosophy to date was demonstrated in Los Angeles last August, where, despite interminable political wrangling over the program, more than 8,000 youngsters were at work on corps projects at the time the Watts rioting erupted. Though many came from the Negro community, not one corpsman was among the 4,000 Negroes arrested there; not one missed a day of work.



HARLEM YOUTHS AT HARYOU-ACT ART CLASS
Can quiet benefits outweigh headlined horrors?

THE STATE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

MULLING over the governmental structure of the newborn United States, Thomas Jefferson wrote on record as favoring "little or no diplomatic establishment." That wistful measure of the proper size for the U.S. State Department prevailed for more than a century. At the time when Secretary of State William Seward was boldly buying Alaska, he was head of an office with two assistants and 60 clerks. Secretary John Hay negotiated the Panama treaty and otherwise carried out Teddy Roosevelt's active diplomacy on a departmental budget of less than \$190,000 a year. Before World War II, Cordell Hull used to sit in the draft of a somnolent fan for two or three hours of lonely reflection, then file a guideline dispatch to a dozen or so ambassadors and about 40 other men holding the now-almost-forgotten rank of minister as heads of the now-almost-forgotten kind of post called legation.

State is still no giant among bureaucracies—it is the second smallest department in personnel (after Labor) and budget (after Justice)—but it is now quite large enough to flabbergast Thomas Jefferson. From the seventh floor of a granite building of fluorescent-glaring corridors and scarred desks, Dean Rusk rules over 24,200 employees (down a bit from 1950) and a budget of \$383,948,000. State has 110 embassies, two legations (Hungary and Bulgaria), 68 consulates general and 84 consulates. Reporting to Rusk are two Under Secretaries, George Ball and Tom Mann, two deputy Under Secretaries, and no less than 16 Assistant Secretaries charged with varying responsibilities.

In the view of many, this far-flung organization works admirably. A top diplomat at Paris' Quai d'Orsay says: "The State Department functions better than the Quai. It is a well-oiled machine. The right things go to the right places." U.S. consulates are widely praised for courtesy and efficiency. "If you want to know what's going on anywhere in Africa, ask at the American embassy," says a veteran European newsmen who covers that continent. The American Legion, once prone to find State "soft on Communism," last year investigated and concluded that "the nation can place much confidence" in the department. State's people savor such compliments—because they have been accustomed to hearing memorably vivid criticism.

It was F.D.R.'s Harry Hopkins who pronounced State's men to be "cookie-pushers, pansies—and usually isolationists to boot." From a somewhat different point of view, Joe McCarthy called State "a nest of Communist traitors and McCarthy sympathizers." More recently, the department has been metaphorically denounced as a "bowl of jelly" (President Kennedy), drowning not only in its "boozie allowance" (Congressman John Rooney) but under a flood of paper work springing from "the bureaucratic necessity that everyone has to write so much to justify his existence" (Ambassador to Kenya William Attwood), while working under an overall policy based on "the lowest anti-Communist denominator" (Professor Hans Morgenthau) with a surplus of "pedestrian people" (former Ambassador James Gavin) headed by a Secretary with an "irrevocably conventional mind" (Arthur Schlesinger Jr.).

Some of these are well-aimed jabs, others petulant protests. Almost all are born of the frustrations inevitable to a nation that has undertaken a role of world leadership unprecedented in human history. State's performance must be measured against that role in all its immensity and complexity, at a time when the dramatic diplomatic breakthrough is a thing of history, when success is forged from months and years of patient effort, when egregious failure could bring down the sky. It must be examined in the context of a nation that is history's most powerful, yet is still reluctant to use its power. So, too, must State's performance be considered in the light of its assigned functions, which are: representing

the nation abroad, reporting to Washington, formulating policy and presenting it, with alternatives, to the President—the one man who has the actual power, and indeed the duty, of major decision-making.

The Foreign Service Elite

In its representational function, the State Department by general consensus rates high. Its ambassadors are able. Three-fourths of them are careermen, and of the political appointees, none are like the blundering, bottom-pinching misfits who have sometimes embarrassed the U.S. in the past. With the revolution of transportation and communication, ambassadors enjoy almost instant backup from Washington, which sometimes cuts into their freedom of action but also relieves them of weighty decision-making beyond their official competence. More often than an ambassador may like, someone senior to him (including the Secretary) may jet practically into his embassy's backyard. And when he picks up his phone, that voice on the other end may come across in a familiar Texas drawl.

The career ambassadors are the elite of the elite that is the U.S. Foreign Service, which has 3,750 officers chosen upon entry by tough oral, written, physical and psychological tests. About one-third hold advanced degrees. State makes an effort to get applicants from all over the U.S.; nonetheless, about three-fourths come from the Northeastern colleges in the blue blood tradition that in other years enlisted such foreign service pros as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia Outerbridge Horsey and Ambassador to Ecuador Wymberley DeRenne Coerr. The average FSO is 42 years old, earns \$13,000 a year, has served two-thirds of his career abroad, can speak at least one foreign language fluently.

The task of the foreign-service officer, and particularly of the ambassador, is complicated by the fact that U.S. embassies serve as headquarters for representatives from a multitude of other governmental agencies: the Central Intelligence Agency, AID, the Peace Corps, the U.S. Information Service and the military departments, to name only a few. As of last spring, 46,179 Americans were employed at overseas State Department posts; of these, 39,884 worked for agencies other than State. Forty-four different agencies are represented in the London embassy. Of 700 civilians in New Delhi last year, only 100 actually belonged to State.

The ambassador is somehow supposed to coordinate the activities of all those within his mission. But often the agencies, as in the case of AID and the Peace Corps, have conflicting ideas about how to do the same job. The covert nature of the CIA makes morale problems; in many embassies, staffers rightly or wrongly believe that one out of every three fellow workers is not what he purports to be.

The proliferation of other agency representatives irks State Department careermen. Says former Ambassador Ellis Briggs: "They clutter up the premises. In theory, the American ambassador is the captain of this team of untamed sportsmen. But it is not much use unless the captain has control over the players." Yet the numbers simply reflect the essential interests that the U.S. has in the rest of the world, and State might just as well settle down with the situation. To the foreign-policy decisions that the President must make, the ingredients furnished by the Pentagon, the CIA, the economic cooperation agencies and others are often vital.

Good representation is more than official contact, of course. "Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes," Napoleon instructed his ambassador to London, and modern American diplomats also try to set a good table—with American wine, by order of L.B.J.—and to cultivate the ladies. The cocktail party, which all diplomats profess to hate from the bottom of their livers, is, "the milieu in which you must meet foreign colleagues," says former Careerman

Charles Thayer. Many parties, though, turn out to be ingrown gatherings of the embassy staff and local Americans.

A perennial embassy dilemma is how much its staffers should "get out"—travel the hinterlands, meet political figures (including those who oppose the U.S. position), businessmen and common people. The bureaucratic tradition against such activity is strong: the political officer of one African embassy forbids his four-man staff to leave the capital on the grounds that "there is too much to do in the office." But—particularly in Southeast Asia—there is an increasing amount of diplomacy by Jeep, in which younger officers travel to villages, eat fried lizard, learn languages and customs, and represent the U.S. directly to the people.

A Flood of Reporting

"Ambassadors are the eyes and ears of states," says the classic definition. This calls to mind some Rembrandt statesman returning from a foreign court to whisper a few words of intelligence into the ear of a king. As expanded by the State Department, the job of reporting has thousands of bevested young officers obsessively sending millions of words to Washington. With his tongue only barely tucked in his cheek, Thomas A. Donovan, former U.S. consul in Iran, writes: "Background studies on such live topics as *Recurrent Themes in the Bulgarian Press Treatment of the Black Sea as a Sea of Peace* or *Whither Thuringia: the Principality's Progress Under the New Course* are considered useful for filling the files at home." In Paris, an embassy labor attaché, leaving after four years, remarked ruefully that he doubted if anyone anywhere had really read one of his reports. The result is that communications break down under sheer volume. "We think the Americans here are in touch with reality and are accurately reporting our attitudes," says an African leader. "But somehow we have a feeling that the message is not being delivered to the men at the top."

Many a message does not get through simply because of obscure writing. The literary quality of State Department reports drove that lover of lucid language, John Kennedy, to distraction. A few ambassadors, it is true, are notable for their style, among them Ambassador to Britain David Bruce, Ambassador to Laos William Sullivan, and Ambassador to Kenya Attwood. "Their reports are so good," says a member of the Policy Planning Council, "that people in the State Department look forward to reading them, and pass their cables around. As you would expect, their reports get action commensurate with the attention they get." Attwood, a long-time professional journalist, was recently asked to write, for distribution within the department, a memo on how to write. "The best incentive for drafting a readable report," it said, "is to assume that your readers are not terribly interested in what you have to say, and that you have to tell your story in such a way that they won't be inclined to shove it aside."

The Policy Function

By pouch, cable and phone, the reports pour into Washington; State's "copy and distribute" section makes 70,000 copies a day. Some ambassadorial reports shoot right through to Secretary Rusk, like neutrons through a brick wall. Some are pigeonholed, perhaps to be of use to businessmen or scholars. The bulk of the reporting is supposed to help, in small measure or large, to form U.S. foreign policy.

To this end the reports, often considerably hedged by their writers, are put through a process called "layering." First, each goes to the appropriate "country desk," made up of men whose business it is to know intimately the affairs of a given foreign nation. The country-desk men, followed by officers in higher echelons—regional, area, assistant secretarial, under secretarial—must successively judge whether the reported information is worth passing upward. The reports may at any level be edited, rewritten or combined into what George Kennan says is often "a hodgepodge inferior to any of the individual views of which it was brewed." Other Government departments, most notably the Pentagon and the CIA, are drawn in. Great deliberation prevails: John Kennedy (as quoted by Schlesinger) complained that he and McGeorge Bundy could "get more done in one day at the

White House than they do in six months in the State Department." Even Dean Rusk, while describing his administrative problems to be those "of any large organization," fears that the system "leaves dangling vetoes all over town."

When State's distilling process works as it should, the best of the reporting lands on Rusk's desk, and thereby reaches the top of the department's globally based pyramid. His responsibility at this point is much misunderstood. Columnist James Reston, for example, took the department to task because it "has not developed for the President any guiding strategy of foreign policy or any order of priorities in that field." To such criticism, Rusk says: "While Mr. Truman's remark that 'the President makes foreign policy' is not the whole story, it serves very well if one wishes to deal with the matter in five words." Rusk thinks it sufficient for him to call vital matters to Lyndon Johnson's attention, to proffer alternatives, and to let the President decide.

The Man at the Top

Such a role precisely fits Dean Rusk's personality. He has a quiet charm, exercised mostly in private; few find him brilliant, but on occasion, before an audience he deems especially congenial or knowledgeable, he is remarkably illuminating. He gives the impression of being bland, and many of his admirers just wish he would lose his temper once in a while. He is a student of foreign affairs, not an innovator; a reflective man allowed little time for reflection by the pace of his present position.

"Sometimes," Rusk has said, "it is better to do nothing than to do something simply for the sake of doing something." He believes that U.S. foreign policy should stress reliability, not experimentation. "The United States has too much mass and momentum to be a hummingbird, darting in and out of alluring blossoms to see what nectar can be had for the whims of the moment," he argues. "We owe it to ourselves as well as to the rest of the world to remain steady on course."

Thus Rusk is a cautious man, and caution is king throughout the State Department. Rusk did not create the condition, he has merely compounded it. John Foster Dulles was a notable exception to the rule that a Secretary of State does not "make" foreign policy; with President Eisenhower's approval, Dulles often acted out of his own mind and experience, and woe to the State Department underling who went against him. What Dulles personalized, Rusk has institutionalized; and the most common complaint within and without the State Department is that there is little room for the original thinker, the daring or dissenting mind.

Rusk's Policy Planning Council, headed by a Kennedy favorite, Walt Whitman Rostow, has little influence. Of all major segments of U.S. foreign policy, only one can really be said to have been spawned by State—and that is the founding plan for a multilateral nuclear force (MLF). When thrust into such crises as the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Cuban missile confrontation and the whole Vietnamese war, State has played a relatively passive part.

Moreover, there is a feeling throughout the State Department that boldness earns an excessive penalty if it miscarries. "The thing to do," says a careerman in Leopoldville, "is fill the norm, do as you're told, and above all, don't make waves." Veteran Diplomat W. Averell Harriman sums up the possible cost of such caution: "I have seen men's careers set back and, in fact, busted because they held the right views at the wrong time, or for accurately reporting facts which were not popular at the time."

To its activist critics, State undoubtedly is answerable to the charge of hewing too closely to Talleyrand's imperative: "Above all, not too much zeal." But considering the stakes involved, and the fine line between zealousness and foolhardiness, the men in the U.S. Department of State come rather close to the definition offered by Britain's Sir Harold Nicolson. "The worst kind of diplomatists are missionaries, fanatics and lawyers," he wrote, and certainly the U.S. has few of those. "The best kind," he went on, "are reasonable and humane skeptics." State's men stay reasonable and skeptical of hummingbird nectar.

THE WORLD

RED CHINA

Putting on the Dog

The menu was Cantonese at its most exquisite: four steaming courses of spiced, minced, roasted and boiled puppy. The foreign journalists treated to this hirsute hospitality in Peking last week were well aware that dog meat is a delicacy in China; what seemed curious was that Red China's chilly over-lords had suddenly grown so expansive. There was Liao Cheng-chih, spokesman for the Red Chinese "United Front," jovially granting private interviews to Japanese newsmen; raucous Foreign Minister Chen Yi, the scourge of Western chancelleries, suddenly wreathed in benevolent smiles at a mass press conference; there was the forbidding Gate of Heavenly Peace transformed before their eyes into a carnival of fluttering doves and soaring balloons.

Failures & Debacles. Nominally, the occasion was the 16th anniversary of Red China's "independence," but Peking's play for world headlines over the past three weeks had a subtler purpose than mere celebration. Peking, which early this year seemed to have every-

thing going its own way, last week stood at something of a nadir in the eyes of the world. A series of ham-handed debacles in Peking's militant foreign policy has set Chinese propagandists to a frantic bit of image polishing abroad.

Latest of the troubles to tarnish Red China's reputation: the abortive coup in Indonesia. Whether or not the men of Peking called the shots, many African and Asian leaders were all too willing to believe that they had. The Indonesian flare-up came hard on the heels of Red China's backdown over the Sikkim "ultimatum" to India (TIME, Sept. 24). By failing to follow through on their martial threats, Peking's leaders lost credibility, just as they have over Viet Nam. After all, fully 14 months have passed since Peking first promised that she would "not stand idly by" while U.S. warplanes struck at North Viet Nam.

Gaffes & Circuses. And there was a worse side. Failures to fulfill martial boasts can be forgiven by peace-loving "nonaligned" nations; welshing on foreign-aid promises can not. During 1964, Red China promised nearly \$250 million to nine African states, but little of that money has yet come through. Guinea

has seen only a quarter of the \$20 million promised since 1960; Mali has got only half of a similar amount. Recently, when Chen Yi swung through Africa trying to line up anti-American support for next month's Afro-Asian conference, he was coolly received at nearly every stop. Money was not the only reason: African leaders were shocked last June at the unseemly swiftness with which Red China recognized the Boumedienne regime in Algiers. The fact that Boumedienne later proved more pro-Western than his predecessor didn't help Peking's reputation for savvy. That gaffe coincided neatly with another made by Premier Chou En-lai, who just before the Algiers coup pronounced Africa "ripe for revolution," thus throwing a scare into African leaders who consider themselves revolutionary enough. As a result, Chen has had to admit publicly that Peking's former African allies could no longer be counted on to deliver the hard, anti-U.S. line expected of them.

The Chinese reputation for subtlety in foreign affairs has also suffered from the antics of an outfit known in Europe as "Lee Wang's Circus," a cadre of 42 Red Chinese spooks—instant experts on every subject from genetics to nuclear fission. Their mission: to disrupt international conferences, grab the microphone and propagandize loudly against the revisionists, colonialists and imperialists. Fortnight ago, the circus turned up in Budapest for a 54-nation symposium of the left-leaning World Federation of Scientific Workers, managed to reduce the session to a howling cacophony. "The only way to avoid them," said one bitter Hungarian, "is to get your conference sponsored by UNESCO. Then the Chinese automatically boycott it."

Despite these setbacks in prestige, Peking has a familiar way out. The Red Chinese have taken care not to extend any true commitment of men, money or moral support that cannot be hedged at a later date. That, after all, is Peking's eminently scrutable style. "When it comes to putting blue power chips on the table," says a Western China-watcher, "they just don't have very many. They have to run around stirring up trouble to distract attention."

SOUTH VIET NAM

More Shooters

Off the boats came the "Big Red One." Vietnamese girls with garlands were on the beach to greet the first of 11,000 new troops of the 1st Infantry Division arriving to take up positions in one of Viet Nam's most critical battle zones. U.S. military manpower within striking range of the Viet Cong now numbered 140,000. The new arrivals were not shooting yet, but a good many others were.



CHOU EN-LAI (LEFT) WITH CAMBODIA'S SIHANOUK & MAO
How not to polish a nadir.

► North of its An Khe base in the central highlands, a battalion of the 1st Cavalry Airmobile was helilifted into the "happy valley" of Song Con—ironically named because it is so Viet Cong-infested that until now every allied incursion has invariably drawn heavy gunfire. F-100s plastered the valley with 750-lb. bombs and napalm tanks before the 1st Cavalry landed, and rocket-artillery helicopters overhead covered their advance. When they hit a V.C. concrete bunker, the men of the 1st Cavalry slammed a wire-guided SS-11 missile designed for use against tanks into the bunker, knocked out the three V.C. snipers. Later they captured and dismantled one of the weirdest V.C. gimmicks yet: a giant crossbow, rigged with an 8-ft.-long arrow aimed to wing a helicopter.

► Closer to the coast, northeast of An Khe, thousands of troops from the 1st Cavalry joined Vietnamese army and marine units in a far more important drive called Operation Shiny Bayonet. Three waves of B-52 bombers and a blistering artillery bombardment plastered the landing zones before the Americans swept in by helicopter in what might become the largest operation of the war so far. Eight troop-carrying choppers were hit by ground fire, but resistance was light as the operation began; by nightfall of the first day, the 1st Cavalrymen were hot on the heels of a 500-man Viet Cong force, and many more of the enemy doubtless awaited in the nearby countryside. Target of Operation Shiny Bayonet: the massive Viet Cong forces in the hills behind embattled Route 1 (TIME, Oct. 8). For weeks U.S. planes have bombed the Viet Cong concentrations, guns from the Seventh Fleet have pounded the coast east of Route 1, and government troops punched away—with casualties running into the hundreds for the Communists. "They must want something very badly," mused one U.S. officer last week, "maybe supplies from the sea, maybe rice from the coastal flats. Whatever it is, they haven't shown any inclination to leave."

► Some 30 miles northwest of Saigon, the 173rd Airborne, together with the 1st Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment, struck back into the "Iron Triangle" combed by allied forces only three weeks ago. The first operation encountered few V.C., but the guerrillas love to slip back into an area recently "cleared," and so this time the allies were double-checking with lethal thoroughness. Twice B-52s from Guam pounded the Triangle's rain forest and rubber trees. When the Airborne moved in, they carried tear gas—to protect the innocent as well as to flush the V.C. out of their tunnels—and promptly used it. Recently added to the U.S. military's growing armory of sophisticated anti-insurgent weaponry: the "Mighty Mite," a 50-lb. blower used in home fumigation Stateside, and able to pump the harmless gas into tunnels at 180 m.p.h.



SUKARNO (WITH SUBANDRIO) AT POST-REVOLT CABINET MEETING
From the obfuscator: Familiar charm and an old effect.

INDONESIA

Wanted: A Magician

At National Heroes Cemetery, outside Djakarta, the coffins of the six slain generals were draped with the red-and-white colors of the Indonesian flag. Twenty tanks lined the approach road, and an honor guard in bright berets stood at attention. Antiaircraft guns pointed skyward, evidence that the army put brass still does not trust the air force, which has been behaving ambivalently.

As a crowd of 10,000 looked on, General Abdul Haris Nasution, Defense Minister and Commander of the Army, hobbled forward on crutches, supported by two aides. Nasution had been a prime target of the assassins and had broken an ankle in his escape. His five-year-old daughter Erma was shot and killed. "We living witnesses know that you were upholding truth and justice," said Nasution, addressing the dead. "In our heart you are the heroes. We believe that the truth will win."

Special Orders. The truth is hard to find, especially in Indonesia, where confusion is a way of life, and President Sukarno is the greatest obfuscator of them all. Still unresolved last week was whether the six generals were martyrs slain by Communist-supported plotters or whether they had been killed by Lieut. Colonel Untung and his palace guards to prevent their launching a coup of their own.

Those who suspect a direct Communist role recall that about two weeks before the Sept. 30 coup, Djakarta's Reds began preparing a foundation of some sort. Editorials in Communist newspapers, which had long grumbled about the soaring cost of living but never pressed for remedies, suddenly called for "immediate action," and their campaign against "capitalist bureaucrats" was abruptly stepped up. A few days before the coup, Communist cadremen

were issued special orders, and some were given arms. Top leaders were told not to sleep in their homes for a few nights. When the coup came, the official Communist paper came out flatly in support of the uprising.

Yet many an old Djakarta hand is convinced that the Reds were not the masterminds. For one thing, Untung's clumsy and ill-planned coup lacked the slick organization one would expect from efficient Communist Party Chief D. N. Aidit. With 3,500,000 members, plus his large and increasing influence on Sukarno's policies, Aidit was doing well enough as things were.

Strangely Defensive. One theory is that there actually was a plot by the generals to take over control and put an end to the growing power of the Communists. It gains color from the fact that Sukarno did not even appear at the funeral of the slain officers. Next day, as Sukarno called his Cabinet into emergency session at his summer palace in Bogor, Nasution did not show up—but two Communist ministers did, along with Air Force Chief General Omar Dani, a Communist sympathizer.

After 3½ hours of closed-door talk, Foreign Minister Subandrio said that President Sukarno had prevailed on the cabinet to 1) regard the Untung affair as an "internal problem" of the army that would be settled by the army; 2) accept the statement by the Communist Party's Politburo that the Reds had nothing to do with the attempted coup; 3) support a return to unity and a revival of "Nasakom"—one of the portmanteau words Sukarno loves to invent. This one is composed of the first letters of the words for nationalism, religion and Communism and is supposed to symbolize the merging of all three currents to carry forward the "revolution."

Burning Crowd. It was not a line calculated to placate the army, which remained firmly in control of Djakarta.

All Communist newspapers were shut down, a dusk-to-dawn curfew was established, the army-run Radio Indonesia and the newspapers headlined charges that the Communists were deeply involved in Untung's coup. Communist leaders were jailed, and there was an intense search for arms.

A huge anti-Communist rally was held at Bung Karno Stadium, and thousands of students paraded in Djakarta's streets shouting "Kill Aidit!" and "Dissolve the Communist Party!" As approving soldiers looked on, the crowd set fire to Communist headquarters, completely destroying the one-story building. Since this was Indonesia, the students left untouched the nearly finished five-story Red headquarters in the next street. To add to the confusion, one group of students marched to the U.S. embassy to shout "Long live America!" while another group chanted the accusation that the CIA was backing the Indonesian Communist Party.

Sukarno is a sick man (kidney and gall-bladder trouble), and it seems likely that the sudden rash of plotting represented maneuvers for position by factions anticipating his departure from the scene. Seven Chinese doctors constantly attend him, and he stayed all week at Bogor. But he didn't look very ill as he paced his palace corridors. In fact, his familiar charm seemed still to have some of its old effect. The army reluctantly called a halt to its roundup of Communists and even anti-Red newspapers were responding to the call for unity. But if, after the murder of the generals, Sukarno can get the infuriated army once again to work in tandem with the Communists, he deserves top honors as a mediator—or magician.

PAKISTAN

The Cry of the Hawks

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was aquiver with rage and frustration—as usual. Addressing a press conference in Pakistan's capital of Rawalpindi, the hawk-nosed Foreign Minister announced that because of Malaysia's "immoral, hostile and unfriendly" attitude on the Kashmir question, Pakistan was severing diplomatic relations forthwith. Thus, last week, Pakistan became the first member of the British Commonwealth ever to cut its ties with another.

Powerful Pack. There was an excess of absurdity about the whole thing. Examined from any angle, a breach with Malaysia contained no certain advantage for Pakistan or disadvantage to its archenemy, India—with whom Pakistan's diplomatic relations ironically remain undisturbed.

Since President Mohammed Ayub Khan is a rational man, not given to fits of pique, observers could only attribute the odd step to the arcane maneuvering of that powerful pack of officials that has risen around Ayub seeking a new direction for Pakistan. That direction is due East—toward Peking. The group, which occupies many

of the most important posts in the civil service and reaches into the Cabinet itself, is determined to keep the war going in India, and sees closer ties with neighboring Red China as a solution to Pakistan's foreign policy problems.

Most vocal among the pro-Peking hawks: Foreign Minister Bhutto and Information Chief Altaz Gauhar, both hot nationalists who were happy to get the vast outpouring of U.S. aid in the 1950s but who now make no secret of their anti-American attitudes. Bhutto, an intimate friend of Indonesia's slick, pro-Peking Foreign Minister Subandrio, loses no opportunity to sneer at the U.S. effort in Viet Nam. Gauhar takes a similar tack, and has the means



FOREIGN MINISTER BHUTTO

Severed ties and a course due East.

to propagate it: direct orders go out daily from his office to the Pakistan press, spelling out how stories—and headlines—should be played, guiding editors on the proper emphasis to be given government announcements.

Ayub gave the hawks their chance in 1962 when he permitted the first genial gestures to Red China as a tactic intended to alarm Washington and halt the big U.S. military aid program for India that began during the trouble on India's Himalayan border. When U.S. diplomats protested, Ayub always maintained that his chaps were taking things a bit far and he did not really approve of their extreme policies. Since then, the chaps seem to have been able to develop a momentum for their policies—backed by an upsurge of national pride and jingoism as a result of the Kashmir struggle—that leads many foreign experts to wonder just how much freedom of action Ayub has left.

Earnest Apology. The well-coordinated mobs that stormed the Karachi embassy and other official U.S. installations in Lahore and Dacca in protest at the halt in American arms shipments last month clearly had government approval—though apparently not Ayub's.

When he earnestly apologized to U.S. Ambassador Walter McConaughy, Gauhar saw to it that the apology was not mentioned in the Pakistani press. Shortly after, when Ayub telephoned President Johnson to smooth relations with Washington and advise the White House of the imminent cease-fire, the unhappy hawks swapped facts in the press handouts: the announcement made it sound as if L.B.J. had humbly phoned Ayub, instead of vice versa.

Parallel to all this has been a steady drumfire of anti-Americanism in the government-controlled papers. Karachi's daily Dawn suggested that Ambassador McConaughy had advance knowledge of an Indian plan "to invade Pakistan" since "the ambassador's wife and son left Pakistan two days before the attack." In fact, McConaughy has no son, and his wife was in Karachi when the fighting began. A reporter's phone call could have quickly ascertained what really happened: the McConaughys' daughter had left town—to attend school in Europe.

Never So Poor. Bhutto's people in the Foreign Ministry seem to be sponsoring a pinprick campaign to pester Americans. U.S. embassy mail has been held up repeatedly, and during last month's warfare embassy chauffeurs fetching officials from their homes late at night were frequently arrested and manhandled—which could only happen with the concurrence of the government.

Social contacts between American and Pakistani officials have all but ceased. "The climate is bad for it," one shamefaced Pakistani told a former American friend. In fact, U.S.-Pakistan relations have never been so poor at any time in the nation's 18-year history. Unless by some miracle a solution is found to satisfy Pakistan on the Kashmir problem, relations are hardly likely to improve. Ayub has told the U.N. to produce a satisfactory solution within three to five months—or else. Whether the hawks around him will give him even that much time is open to question. "Things are going to get a great deal worse," says one glum Washington observer. "I won't even add 'before they get better,' because I don't know if they will."

RHODESIA

Right Around the Corner

To an outsider, the 250,000 whites of Rhodesia would seem to have little need to declare independence from Britain. They seem happy enough as they are. The climate is marvelous, the soil fertile, the servants plentiful and the commerce thriving—thanks largely to Commonwealth tariff protection for their goods. Moreover, since Britain has allowed them a free hand in governing themselves since 1923, Rhodesians have no trouble whatsoever in keeping firm control over the colony's 4,000,000 blacks, only 60,000 of whom are even eligible to vote.

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pendent black nations swarming into the U.N. and the Commonwealth, and the possibility of racial unrest spreading southward across the Zambezi, Rhodesia's whites have become increasingly militant. They are concerned that some time or other, Britain will make them live up to their colonial constitution—which, in theory at least, guarantees eventual African majority rule. Their new militancy is personified by Prime Minister Ian Smith, who came to power 18 months ago on a platform of "no African rule in my lifetime." Ever since, he has claimed that to protect this principle Rhodesia must have its complete freedom. If Britain would not grant it, then he would take it—in a unilateral declaration of independence.

Tommies or Tobacco? Last week—barring an outright threat of war from Prime Minister Harold Wilson—a declaration of independence seemed right around the corner. Following a week of talks with Wilson in London, Smith held a 95-minute press conference at which he declared that Wilson refused to "negotiate" independence on Rhodesia's terms, and therefore "we have to face up to the alternative, which is U.D.I." What Wilson wanted from Smith was a specific, concrete timetable toward total African enfranchisement. What he got was a promise that a sovereign Rhodesia would grant blacks their rights some time within "15 to 50 years," depending, that is, "on how responsible the Africans were."

That, in turn, was not enough for Wilson. He warned Smith of "unmentionable and highly dangerous consequences" if Rhodesia seceded. Smith was evidently prepared to call his bluff. He was banking heavily on the probability that although some voices in Britain were calling for British troops, a vast segment of British public opinion would protest the use of tommyes to put down an Anglo-Saxon insurrection (Britain has not gone in for that sort of thing since 1776). Instead, what seemed to lie ahead was economic reprisals: the freezing of Rhodesia's sterling deposits, ejection from the Commonwealth and its tariff protection, trade boycotts or embargoes. All of which did not seem to bother former Finance Minister Smith. Indeed, despite the vulnerability of Rhodesia's \$50-million-a-year tobacco trade with Britain, it was an open question as to how successful sanctions would be, though both the U.S. and West Germany told Smith they would cooperate with Britain. As one letter writer to the Rhodesia Herald pointed out: "History is one of the few guides that we have. A look at all past threats of sanctions by the League of Nations and the United Nations shows that they have proved remarkably ineffective."

Tea Party. Britain was faced not only with a moral responsibility but with a grave political dilemma as well. There was an immediate possibility of secession of other members of the Common-



BRITISH VIEW OF RHODESIA'S SMITH & U.D.I.

wealth. Both Kenya and Tanzania let it be known last week that they might pull out of Britain's club if Wilson let Smith get away with his declaration. More frightening was the chance of a racial bloodbath that, as the phrase in Whitehall had it, "would make the Congo look like a tea party." Indeed, last week one group of African nationalists attacked the Bulawayo-Salisbury mail train at a siding, smashing windows, tossing a gasoline bomb into the dining car, and burning three white men.

Rhodesia's police force, however, is strong, and so far there was no sign of a concerted African uprising inside the country. What really worried London was the way Rhodesians were muttering about an "armed invasion" from neighboring Zambia, to the north, one which presumably would give them a chance to retaliate with some sanctions of their own. Rhodesia could place an economic strangle hold on Zambia, since it supplies electric power from the Kariba Dam and coal from the Wankie collieries to power Zambia's huge copper mines, which provide 16% of the free world's copper. Rhodesia also controls Zambia's main rail link to the sea. Of course, said Smith last week, "We have no intention of interfering with supplies or transit unless we are placed in a position where they have declared war against us,"—but some 203 cases of small arms and ammunition, destined for Zambia, were already reposing in Mozambique, because Rhodesia has denied them passage to Zambia.

Perhaps the only nation which now might talk Smith out of U.D.I. was his southern neighbor—and it was clear that South Africa was concerned. Hendrik Verwoerd would welcome the presence of an independent and white Rhodesia as a buffer state against the nations to the north—and if worse came to worst, would undoubtedly stand behind it. But the experience of recent years had shown how fast violence can spread in Africa. Counseled Cape

Town's pro-Verwoerd Afrikaans newspaper, *Die Burger*: "Should the views expressed by Britain and Rhodesia in London prove irreconcilable, Rhodesia should give time and patience another opportunity, no matter what painful self-control this might demand."

THE CONGO

The Road to Fizi

When the fighting against the Congolese rebels tailed off six months ago, Premier Moïse Tshombe knew the war was not fully won. His troops had never dared attack the Simbas' mountain redoubt of Fizi, located high above Lake Tanganyika and reachable only by roads so narrow and precipitous that they are impassable during rainstorms. Led by Castro Cuban advisers and supplied with Red Chinese arms ferried in from Tanzania to the lake port of Baraka, the 5,500-man ragtag rebel force was roaming at will through a 200-sq.-mi. patch of the eastern Congo, cutting roads, murdering and terrorizing the population. Tshombe knew the Simbas had to be driven out of Fizi, and to do the job he once again called on his favorite gun-for-hire, Mercenary Commander Mike Hoare.

Fortnight ago, everything was ready. Hoare's plan was to send a diversionary column of 100 mercenaries under Major Alastair Wicks up the road from Albertville in the south while his main assault force—160 men—stormed ashore from an "invasion fleet" composed of one ancient gunboat, the lake steamer *Urundi*, two barges and five patrol boats. His code name for the mission was "Operation Banzai."

Blinking Lights. Long before dawn one moonless morning, an advance patrol of seven heavily armed commandos, their faces blackened with burnt cork, landed on a rocky beach north of Baraka. Soon their signal lights began blinking the all-clear, and a patrol boat churned in with the first assault wave of

ten men. Before they had waded all the way ashore, however, a cross fire of tracers arced down at them from machine-gun nests in the bluff beyond, forcing the mercenaries to take cover behind their boat.

The second wave had better luck. Landing 200 yds. to the north, its ten commandos managed to scramble across the beach and up the bluff. They walked straight into an enemy village. Chickens scurried out of their way and goats stared at them in surprise, but the village was otherwise deserted. Luckily for the mercenaries, the Simbas had been called elsewhere. Down the road, the chatter of a Russian banana gun joined the machine guns firing at the

THE NATIONS

Music to Be Patriotic By

*Oh! see and behold the stars
On the waving banner;*

*They are a sign that Samoa
Is able to lead. Oh!*

—National Anthem of Western Samoa

Two months ago Stuttgart's Institute of Foreign Relations published its latest revised edition of *The National Anthems of the World*. It was outdated even before it went on sale. So fast are new nations emerging these days that the anthems of Africa's two newest, Gambia and Zambia, appeared after the anthology had gone to press. At last count there were more than 150

of the Bush has jumped forward") was written by Poet-President Léopold Senghor, Jamaica's by the Minister of Industry, the Ivory Coast's by its Information Minister. Malaysia expropriated an Indonesian love song called *Moonlight*, changed the words, then banned the original version. Kenya's solution was to graft the hymn-like words of one proposed anthem ("O God of all creation/Bless this our land and nation") onto the music of a Pokomo tribal lullaby.

Too Many Tongues. The creation of anthems is particularly difficult in Africa, where skilled composers are rare. Some governments have asked their former colonial masters to write their



MERCENARIES IN BURNING VILLAGE

Scurrying chickens, staring goats and a Russian banana gun down the road.

beach. The commando lieutenant sent a patrol to silence it, then set fire to a cluster of thatched huts as a signal to Hoare to send more men. The huts exploded: the rebels had hidden grenades and ammunition under their roofs.

Stalled Column. From there it was only four miles to Baraka, but hardly had Hoare's men moved out than their charge began to stall. On the outskirts of town, two battalions of Simbas rained mortar, bazooka and machine-gun fire on the commandos. A spearhead led by Hoare's two armored cars finally broke through, but it was two long days before he was in firm control of Baraka, and then only after most of the town had been destroyed. Death toll: five commandos, 215 Simbas.

Never before had Hoare been met by such determined opposition, and the battle for Fizi had hardly begun. For the first time in his career as mercenary commander, he was forced to halt his drive and change his battle plan. Last week, calling back the diversionary column in the south, he ordered it into boats for a water trip to join him in Baraka. Then Hoare and his officers sat down to try to figure out how to negotiate the 23-mile mountain road to the rebel stronghold itself.

assorted anthems in the world, hailing the glories of every nation from Red China ("Build anew the Great Wall from flesh and blood, arise!") to tiny Liechtenstein ("Where the chamois freely jumps about") and Cameroon ("In bar-baric times you lived your ear-ly days/But bit by bit you now are leav-ing sav-age ways").

No More Moonlight. For some nations, having an anthem at all seems almost as improbable as some of the verses. Many African tribesmen, for example, are unaware that they are members of a nation, much less that they have a song to rise to. Nevertheless, the anthem is something no independent state can do without. Even if national pride did not demand one, international protocol would, and both the British and French, who between them have launched most of the world's new nations, have seen to it that even such remote places as Upper Volta have something to play. "When independence is clearly on the way," says a British colonial officer, "it's usually up to the man on the spot to get them thinking about all the trappings and trimmings."

A few budding governments have composed their own. Senegal's anthem ("The red Lion has roared/The Tamer

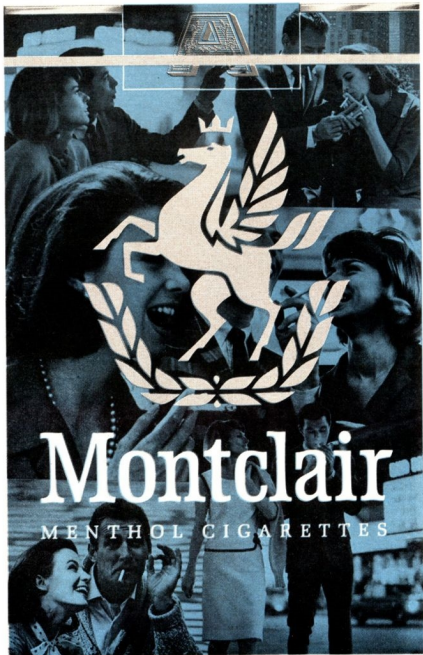


MIKE HOARE

anthems for them; one Frenchman composed the tunes for two West African states. Seven African anthems have been produced by local priests. Seven nations held anthem contests, with the winners being judged either by governmental decision or popular poll. Two English ladies won the Nigerian contest; and in Malawi, where the winner was a native organist, the government was so delighted with his effort ("Put down each and every enemy/Hunger, disease, envy") that it sent him to London to study music.

Lyrics are often the most serious problem. Zambia had no trouble deciding on an ancient African air for its melody, but needed verses which would rhyme in English and in its four major tribal tongues. To help the 250 entrants in its anthem contest remember the tune, the government ordered all Zambia radio stations to play it for three weeks. In Nigeria, where 250 languages are spoken, and in Ghana, where there are 56, the governments gave up and called for lyrics only in English; the anthems of most of former French Africa are written only in French.

Bits & Pieces. Most new African states have passed over their own rich native music to copy the marches and



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hymns of Europe. "I keep hearing bits and pieces from the *Marche Consulaire*," says one French African hand. The Brazzaville Congo's *La Congolaise* is vaguely reminiscent of *La Marseillaise*, and differs from the *Debout Congolais* of the Leopoldville Congo more in detail than in spirit: "Congolese, arise," sing the Brazzavillians, whereas Moïse Tshombe's people are called upon to "Arise, Congolese."

Even so, the new nations are not much worse off than their elders. The Dutch, whose anthem dates back to 1568, still sing their allegiance "to the King of Spain." At least a dozen nations have had anthems to the tune of *God Save the Queen*—including Germany during World War I. West Germany now sings only the third verse of what through Hitler's time was known as *Deutschland Über Alles*, and even that was borrowed from Austria. Two East European nations are now revising their own postwar anthems, written to please their Russian masters. Rumania is cutting out the line about the "liberating Soviet people," and Bulgaria is bent on sinking the "great sun of Lenin and Stalin which lit our way with its rays."

Remarkably, most new anthems have managed to avoid personal jingoism. Ghana, of course, sings the praises of Kwame Nkrumah, and Tunisia pays tribute to "the spirit of our Habib, the great leader," but few other new nations have used their songs to glorify current heroes. South Africa's whites have even resisted, mercifully enough, the temptation to change their lovely anthem to the *Verwoerd March*.

ITALY

Where They Still Walk A Mile for a Camel

In thousands of offices and factories all over Italy, the visit of a friendly little salesman with a plain brown briefcase is as much a part of the workaday routine as the coffee wagon is in the U.S. He is the neighborhood cigarette peddler, and every week he makes his rounds with a fresh supply of Camels, Kents and Marlboros at prices ranging from 40¢ to 48¢ a pack. The same brands sell at 77¢ to 79¢ at the state-owned tobacconist's, for the state tobacco monopoly imposes a 35¢ duty on every legally imported pack of cigarettes, while the friendly little man's cigarettes are smuggled, mostly from Switzerland.

The Swiss could not care less, so long as the smugglers register their purchases for export. The *contrabbandieri* respond gratefully by registering—most of the time. As a result, official Swiss statistics show that cigarette exports to Italy (usually of U.S. brands made under license in Switzerland) flared from 50 million packs in 1960 to 210 million packs last year, while Italian statistics show that only 3,000,000 packs of cigarettes were imported legally in 1964. Italian border police nabbed another

70 million packs of smokes being toted over the border on everything from helicopters and freight cars to trained St. Bernards. One particularly imaginative operator pumped his contraband across a wide Alpine lake in a crude, home-made submarine. The most reliable technique for safe smuggling is still the local *spallone* (from the Italian *spalla*, or shoulder). He is a sure-footed mountain man who trudges through the rocky gorge and Alpine forest of the border country with his fags in a shoulder knapsack, then sells them to a distributor who supplies the big cities.

Public opinion is on the side of the smugglers, especially in the mountain country, where nearly everyone has a friend or relative in the business. When border police accidentally shot a girl *spallona* in the neck last winter, citizens picketed the guard post with placards declaring: YOU SHOULDN'T SHOOT A GIRL FOR SMUGGLING! Actually, the police are not as strict as they might be, since the mountain folk, if foiled in cigarette smuggling, might take to something serious like narcotics. Explains Border Police Chief Salvatore Gallo: "The state prefers in a certain sense to tolerate smuggling rather than to see an increase in common delinquency."

SOUTH AFRICA

The Wreck of the 5:28

Day was ending as the eleven jam-packed coaches of the 5:28 from Durban clattered toward suburban Effingham Junction Station. The cars carried 1,200 blacks returning from their jobs in the city to crowded Kwa Mashu, the native "location" ten miles away. Suddenly, reported an observer, "as I looked along the track, I saw the electric unit at the tail end topple over." With it came the train's last passenger compartment, bouncing like a toy over the jagged fill of the roadbed.

In the 90 sickening seconds before the train ground to a stop, a second coach jumped the track, then a third. For a moment, beneath the dust raised by the wreck, an eerie silence reigned, punctuated only by the screams of the wounded trapped in the shattered cars. Along the track lay bodies, some in piles, some flung as far as 350 feet away. In all, 86 were killed, some 200 seriously injured.

The tragedy had one other life to claim, and it was a sacrifice not to some mechanical failure but to the bitterness and frustration that is never far beneath the surface among Africans in the land of *apartheid*. As the scratched and bloodied survivors tumbled from the wreckage, one black shouted: "It's the Europeans who planned this murder of our brothers." The first white man to come to the aid of the wounded—signalman Walter Hartsief, 25, who ran to the scene from his trackside station—was surrounded by the furious mob, beaten, knifed and trampled to death in the dust.

Figures don't lie: this Monroe printing calculator



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CUBA

Farewell, Dear Hearts

"I feel that I have accomplished the part of my duty that bound me to the Cuban revolution. I bid farewell to you, to our comrades, to your people, who are now mine. I make formal renunciation of my duties in the leadership of the party, of my post as minister, of my rank as major, of my Cuban citizenship. Other lands of the world claim the aid of my modest efforts, and the time has come for us to separate."

The letter bore no date—only "Havana, Year of Agriculture."* It was signed by Argentine-born Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, Castro's longtime No. 2 man, who has been missing for seven months after a bitter doctrinal dispute with the dictator; Che preferred a hard-line, Peking-style Communism, Castro the softer, Moscow variety (TIME cover, Oct. 8). Two weeks ago, Castro promised a document that would explain Che's absence and his status. Now, before 5,000 Cubans in Havana's Chaplin Theater, Castro said that Che gave him the letter last April, asking him to read it publicly "when we considered it most advisable." Said Castro: "Those who think that revolutionaries are insensitive men have in this letter an example of all the sentiment, all the sensitivity, all the purity that a revolutionary can contain in his soul."

And then some. "My only fault of any gravity," Che's letter continued, "was in not having trusted more in you from the first moments of the Sierra Maestra, and not having understood your qualities as leader and revolutionary. I have lived magnificent days. I thank you for your lessons and your

* By the Castro-concocted calendar, 1959 was the Year of Liberation, 1960 the Year of Agrarian Reform, 1961 the Year of Education, 1962 the Year of Planning, 1963 the Year of Organization, and 1964 the Year of the Economy.

THE HEMISPHERE

example." As for Che's young wife Aleida and his three children, whom he left behind, "I ask nothing for them because the state will educate them and give them enough to live on." Out front in the audience, as Castro read the letter, was Aleida herself, dressed in black and verging on tears.

No End to Rumors. Was the letter genuine? Washington's Castrologists doubted it. It seemed like one of those familiar fictions that Communist regimes publish to paper over the cracks in the façade. It was too mawkish in its Fidelity to a tough guy like Che, too humble for a man who once snickered that Fidel joined in only one battle of the revolution, and that "proved a failure." Nor did it explain anything about Che's fate—except that he was out of power in Cuba.

Where he was and what he was doing were still intriguing questions, U.S. Intelligence professed to know nothing. One possibility was that Che was still in Cuba, either dead, or in prison. If not, the April date referred to by Castro revived the rumors of last spring that Che had been killed in the first days of the Dominican civil war.

If Che was alive and out of Cuba, he could be anywhere. Miami's anti-Castro exiles twanged with speculation that Che was with the guerrillas in Peru, in Colombia, in Guatemala, that he was in the Congo trying to salvage that badly fought rebellion, or (most farfetched of the rumors) maybe even in Viet Nam.

A great many Cubans were eager to follow Che in one respect—they wanted to bid farewell to the Communist island. Castro continued to repeat his promise of free exit for anyone, and President Johnson asked Congress for \$12.6 million to supplement the \$32 million already set aside for aid to Cubans in the U.S. "I declare to the people of Cuba," said Johnson, "that those who seek refuge here will find it."

Mark of Failure. Barring a sudden flip-flop by Castro, as many as 50,000 Cubans might pick up the offer. In Havana, there were reports that Cuba's Interior Ministry was flooded by telegrams from exiles in the U.S. seeking to get friends and relatives out. Hundreds of eager Cubans queued up outside Havana's Swiss embassy, which handles U.S. affairs in Cuba.

Jumping the gun last week, one Cuban refugee from Miami took a 25-ft. boat to Cuba and returned with 15 new refugees, including his 84-year-old mother, his wife, daughter, an uncle and two Castro militiamen.

Some U.S. reporters, who think that everything automatically goes wrong for the U.S. in Latin America, argued that Castro's ploy would embarrass the U.S. because it would allow Castro to



"ALL THOSE WISHING TO LEAVE MAY DO SO!"

get rid of potential revolutionaries. More pertinently, as President Johnson pointed out, there is "the mark of failure on a regime when many of its citizens voluntarily choose to leave the land of their birth. The future holds little hope for any government where the present holds no hope for the people."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

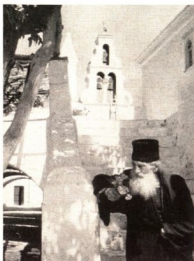
Odd Reconciliation

The Dominican government of reconciliation led by Héctor García-Godoy is now seven weeks old, and thus far it has reconciled no one. In the bullet-pocked capital of Santo Domingo, ex-President Juan Bosch, in whose name the original civil war was launched, returned home talking about "strikes, demonstrations and appeals" to "drive out" the 10,300 U.S. paratroopers and Latin American soldiers of the OAS peace-keeping force. Bosch's presence has inflamed the left and enraged the right—to the point where the only thing that stands between García-Godoy and renewed civil war is those same 10,300 foreign soldiers.

Two weeks ago, a band of leftist students started demonstrating outside the National Palace, taunting loyalist Dominican army guards. With anger and bitterness all around, one soldier shot an 18-year-old in the back, killing him instantly. That led to a series of flash-fire fights between rebels and loyalists resulting in four dead, 14 wounded. Last week the city rumbled with bomb blasts, five in all, damaging a bar popular with U.S. troops, the plant of a noisily anti-military magazine, and a drive-in movie. Death toll: another two Dominicans.

Despite all appeals, the rebels have openly defied García-Godoy's order to surrender their stolen arms. In turn, the President is under increasing pressure from the loyalist military, which is talking coup and accuses him of loading his Cabinet with leftists. The President does not deny that he has leftists in his Cabinet—along with conservative bankers, engineers and landowners. "We

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have had a revolution," he says, "I must reintegrate the country, so I use so-and-so, and people cry, 'My God, he's a leftist.' Of course he's a leftist. I want him to do a job no one else can."

For the moment, Garcia-Godoy is determined to do the job of "reconciliation" his way—with one hand on his hot line to the U.S. 82nd Airborne.

BRAZIL

Out of the Past

"Jusceli-no! Jusceli-no!" chanted a handkerchief-waving throng of 3,000 at Rio's Galeão international airport. Then from the doorway of an Air France 707 came the man, still trim and agile despite his 63 years, his face split in a toothful smile, his right arm swinging in a familiar jaunty wave. Brazil's former President Juscelino Kubitschek—still admired by the people but loathed as a symbol of corruption by the present revolutionary government—had returned home after 16 months of self-imposed exile. Said he: "I have come back at zero hour."

Almost Unbearable. The moment that Kubitschek chose to return was precisely when the government was engaged in its first test of popularity since Brazil's military seized power early last year. The day before he arrived, 9,000,000 Brazilians in eleven of the country's 22 states had gone to the polls to vote for new Governors. In those elections, the government discovered that it had failed to win substantial popular support in spite—or because—of all its tough efforts to root out Communism and corruption. The big winner was the P.S.D. Party of Kubitschek, who from 1956 to 1961 gave the country a strong surge of development accompanied by dizzying inflation, economic upheaval and graft.

His successors have not even given Brazil development. First, the erratic Jânio Quadros let Brazil's boom falter, then resigned in a fit of pique. Next came the leftist João Goulart, who only compounded the troubles until the military stepped in, grimly determined to sweep out all the old politicians.

The new regime stripped Kubitschek of his political rights for ten years, but his party was allowed to campaign, spurred on by his behind-the-scenes direction from Paris. Its victory constituted an almost unbearable provocation for Brazil's military. At one point last week, army units went on combat alert across the country, and in front of the War Ministry in Brasília appeared a quickly scrawled sign: **THEY SHALL NOT RETURN!**

Actually, in seven of the nine small states, candidates favorable to the military regime won. The upset came in two major states. In Minas Gerais, Kubitschek's home state, his P.S.D. man led the candidate identified with the revolution by 200,000, with 1,500,000 votes counted and another 1,000,000 to go. In Guanabara (Rio), the outcome



KUBITSCHKE ARRIVING IN RIO*
Still admired by the people.

was even more striking. The state has been considered a private fief of Governor Carlos Lacerda, the mercurial politician who has proved a gadfly to every Brazilian President since Getúlio Vargas in the 1950s. Lacerda now has presidential ambitions of his own in the elections scheduled for next year. But to have a chance, he first had to secure his base by installing a hand-picked successor as Governor of Guanabara. Lacerda chose a presentable crony, campaigned furiously for him. Nevertheless, Kubitschek's candidate defeated him at the polls—527,184 votes to 437,075.

Tightening the Grip. As the impact of the elections sank in, the military mutterings grew so loud that President Castello Branco was forced into a move that would only make his government even more unpopular. In return for not interfering with the results, the stern *linha dura* (hard line) officers won the promise that Castello Branco would send new proposals to Congress tightening the revolution's hold on the country through military courts and police. Most important, the military wants to change next year's presidential elections from direct balloting by the people to indirect balloting by Congress—which would almost certainly ensure the election of a pro-government candidate.

Whether Castello Branco will actually send such proposals to Congress, and whether Congress can be pressured into passing them, remains to be seen. What is clear is that Juscelino Kubitschek, the man who built the new inland capital of Brasília and thrilled the country with a thousand other dreams, has re-emerged as the major political force in Brazil.

* With Wife Sarah behind.

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PEOPLE

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CAROL COLE
Dousing Dean.

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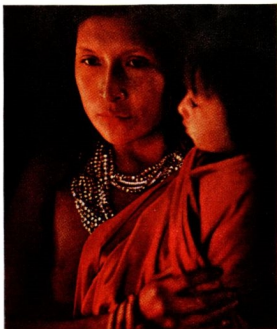


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PEOPLE

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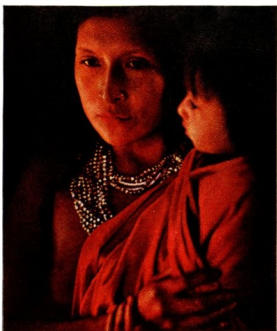


This dancer and his multi-colored costume star in the Diablada de Oruro, an annual religious spectacle in Oruro, Bolivia. Each year, the honor of wearing it falls to a different specially trained dancer.



This is a Huaso . . . cowboy to you. Watch him "break" an untamed mustang in the wildest rodeo you've ever seen. And that same night, you will see him doing the Cueca, Chile's stately national dance.

A religious relic found near Lake Titicaca, this quaint fellow is made of silver—and he's centuries old. Yet his smile is symbolic of the warm welcome of South America.



This serene beauty, one of a tribe of Colorado Indians from the Ecuadorian forest near Quito, was just a face in the crowd. Then she won the local beauty contest. Now she's the chief's daughter-in-law. Success story!

These new faces are now only \$550 away, round trip. For just \$165 more, you can visit them First Class, on the same 30-day round trip jet excursion from New York to Buenos Aires . . . via Panagra's daily *El InterAmericano* DC-8's—the most frequent jets to South America's West Coast and B. A. You fly over the

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And there's not just one, but four models. A whole new Caprice Custom Series.

There's the Custom Coupe shown above with its distinctive roof line. A Custom Sedan and two new Custom Wagons with the rich look of wood-grain

exterior paneling. They are far and away the most lavish Chevrolets ever built.

Inside, you're surrounded with the look of hand-rubbed walnut, deep-tufted upholstery and lush carpeting.

The ride is exceptionally quiet and

smooth. It's hushed and silkened by generous insulation, super-soft shock absorbers and a coil spring at each wheel.

Our background picture shows the Custom Coupe's special sport interior that you may wish to order. New, gentle



Custom Coupe—offered with a special sport interior that includes luxurious Strato-bucket front seats and wood-trimmed center console.

with any other elegant car.

tapered Strato-bucket front seats are included along with a center console.

Even the power you can add is special. There's the smooth and advanced new 396 Turbo-Jet V8 at 325 hp. Or there's the 427-cubic-inch Turbo-Jet at 390 or 425 hp.

Caprice Custom Series—beautiful new standards in ride, in power, in elegance. And yet with all its custom-crafted luxury, Caprice still gives you traditional Chevrolet value. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Caprice

CHEVROLET



As a young man,
you liked
ordinary
whisky.



Years later,
you found
that Scotch
was lighter.



Then, you
discovered
Ballantine's is
remarkably
smooth
and light.



(you must be
successful.)

MEDICINE

SURGERY

The Presidential Cholecystectomy

Lurking half-hidden behind the lower edge of the liver, the pear-shaped gall bladder serves as a storehouse for an essential substance—the thick, greenish bile (or gall) that the liver manufactures to aid in the long and complex process of digestion. In the young, the gall bladder usually stays healthy and does its job quietly and uncomplainingly. By the time a man reaches his middle forties, his gall bladder becomes increasingly subject to infection (cholecystitis) or filling up with gallstones (cholelithiasis), or both.

The "stones" range in size from a grain of sand to a marble. They are made up of cholesterol, bile acids and other digestive substances, and when they interfere with the flow of fat-digesting bile to the duodenum (see diagram), they may cause sharp and colicky pain, especially after a heavy, fatty meal. This is what happened to President Lyndon Johnson at his Texas ranch early last month.

Live Without It. X rays ordered by the White House physician, Vice Admiral George G. Burkley, confirmed his suspicion of a poorly functioning gall bladder. A second set of X rays, forwarded to the President's longtime friend and personal physician, the Mayo Clinic's Dr. James C. Cain, gave added evidence that the gall bladder contained stones. Since some bile always passes directly through the common duct from the liver to the duodenum, and the duct seems able to develop some storage capacity of its own, man can live without his gall bladder. Thus surgery to remove the offending organ (cholecystectomy), far from being a desperate last resort was the doctors' first choice.

With the development of antibiotics and safer anesthesia, removal of a gall bladder is now a safe though still a major operation. Only about one-half of 1% of patients die as a result of the operation, and most of these are in poor health as the result of other diseases. The President was in good health. Physicians saw no reason to suspect any connection between his gall-bladder trouble and his bouts of kidney stones in 1948 and early 1955; he had made a full recovery from his heart attack, which came later in 1955. The danger to his life from last week's operation was negligible.

Dr. Cain understandably called in a Mayo Clinic surgical team whose members he knows well and with whom he has learned to work smoothly. Chief Surgeon George A. Hallenbeck, 50, son of a former Mayo physician, is a man of whom his wife says: "His outstanding quality is that he is always composed under stress"—a quality that was

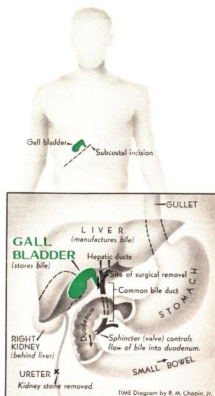
highly useful when he slit open the belly of the President of the United States at the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda. To assist him in the operation, Dr. Hallenbeck brought his Mayo colleague, Dr. Donald C. McIlrath, 36. Behind his distinguished patient's head, in the vital role of senior anesthesiologist, controlling the unconscious patient's breathing and monitoring his heartbeat and blood-oxygen level, he stationed Dr. Edward P. Didier, 40, assisted by the Navy's anesthesiologist, Dr. Robert J. Van Houten.

Didier and Van Houten checked their instruments, which recorded the patient's heartbeat, breathing rate and blood pressure. Not until they looked thoroughly satisfied did Surgeon Hallenbeck raise an interrogative eyebrow and ask, "Scalpel?" At Didier's permissive nod, without which he would not have proceeded, Hallenbeck began a right subcostal (below the ribs) diagonal incision. (It was well away from the scars that had been left by the President's 1937 appendectomy and his 1955 kidney-stone operation, which was on the left side.) The surgeons cut on down through 1½ in. of abdominal wall until they exposed the lower edge of the President's liver, and the gall bladder beneath it. They severed the narrow, inch-long tube leading from the common duct to the gall bladder, and tied the stump closed. Then they delicately cut around the gall bladder, freeing it from its fibrous attachments to the liver's casing and the peritoneal sac. In it they found a ½-in. stone.

A Second Stone. At this point, the surgeons faced the difficult and delicate task of ascertaining whether there were other stones in the common bile duct, where they can do the most damage, causing severe illness ending in liver failure. The common duct is only 1-in. thick and is extraordinarily delicate and susceptible to surgical injury. Dr. Hallenbeck's team examined the duct by palpation (running their gloved fingers along it) and satisfied themselves that it was clear of stones.

The surgery was not yet over. X rays had indicated that there was a "kidney stone" (so called because that is where it had formed) which had begun to migrate down the right ureter toward the bladder. What the X rays had not shown clearly was whether the surgeons would be able to get at it easily. Fortunately the stone was readily accessible, about one-third of the way down the ureter, which it was partially obstructing. Mayo Clinic Urologist Ormond Culp made a small cut into the side of the ureter, removed a ragged

It was such an accidental injury that marred an otherwise successful operation on the Earl of Avon (Anthony Eden) in England in 1953, sent him to Boston two months later for repair of the duct.



stone 1-in. across, and sewed up the small incision in the ureter. It seemed probable that the ureter stone had caused some of the President's recent discomfort.

"From skin to skin," as surgeons speak of the time from the first incision to the placing of the last suture to close the wound, the operation took 21 hours. Only the last 15 minutes had been added by the ureteral-stone removal. The President will have some discomfort from the healing of the wound for several days. He may well be forced to take it easy for a few weeks, because his prodigious energy will not be quite up to par. And even after he is back on the job, he will have to stick to a moderately low-fat diet—which is what he is supposed to have been doing anyway, ever since his heart attack.

Hospital corridors and even some medical journals are full of chatter about difficulties said to be experienced by patients after gall-bladder removal. Usually the problem is dressed up under the name, "post-cholecystectomy syndrome." Harvard's Dr. William V. McDermott Jr. has looked into the situation, and reports in the authoritative textbook *Surgery* (Saunders; 1963): "In all probability there is no such syndrome." Even without a gall bladder, President Johnson's duodenum should continue to get as much bile as it needs. And the presence of yet another stone, discovered in Johnson's kidney in 1955 but unremoved since then, seemed to pose no immediate problem.

EDUCATION

FEDERAL AID

The Head of the Class

(See Cover)

When the school bells rang this fall, they called more than 54 million young people—better than one-fourth of the U.S. population—to the pursuit of learning. This volcanic eruption of pupils—from the post-diaper toddlers and the blue-jeaned teen-agers to the bearded or button-down collegians—dramatizes a remarkable phenomenon in U.S. life. Sixty-five years ago, when the U.S. population stood at 76 million, a thin 6% of the nation's 17-year-olds graduated from high school, and only 4% of the college-age youths were in college. Today, with the U.S. population grown by nearly 40%, to 195 million, an impressive 71% of the 17-year-olds are getting their high school diplomas, and about 30% of the college-age population is in the classroom. To pay for all this, Americans are spending \$42 billion this year, and to make education work, they are providing 125,000 schools, 100,000 administrators and 2,000,000 teachers.

In short, that was no anachronistic school bell that rang—that was the educational explosion, the sound of a roaring pursuit of learning that has never been matched either in quality or in numbers in U.S. history.

The Debate. While there is plenty of reason to be proud of the accomplishment, no one is satisfied. Neither the new generation nor the parents, nor the academicians for that matter, can quite grasp the totality of the revolution in U.S. education. The sheer numbers alone

stun them. The task of deciding what a good education should be, and what ought to be taught, and when and to whom it ought to be taught—to say nothing of how education should be financed—poses tremendous problems and precipitates endless debate.

"A whole generation is being sacrificed!" complains Critic Paul Goodman, who is the current idol of campus rebels. "The schools have become a universal trap" in which "there is so much sitting in a box facing front, manipulating symbols at the direction of distant administrators." Yes, concedes Caltech President Lee A. DuBridge, "We are in trouble—deep trouble." But, he adds, it is not the fault of the schools. "We are expecting too much of our schools and too fast." Emphatically no, declares Admiral Hyman Rickover, the foremost gadfly in the groves of academe. "We have the slowest-moving school system in the civilized world. Precious school hours are wasted teaching children how to make fudge, twirl batons, drive cars, budget income, handle the telephone and catch fish."

Smashing Barriers. The one thing about which all educators are in agreement is that yesterday's education no longer suffices for today. The rate of technological change and the development of new information is so great that educators scarcely know what to make of it all, let alone how to get it taught; next week's scientific discovery can make last week's textbook obsolete. Even future vocational demands are unpredictable; not long after Los Angeles vocational schools developed a program to train key-punch operators, new ma-

chines came along to make the key-punch—and the operators—superfluous.

What U.S. schools need, then, is plenty of help. And teacher-turned-President Lyndon Johnson has galvanized Congress into doing something about it. In the past six months, Congress has smashed longstanding barriers and churned out the most significant series of education acts in the nation's history. As a consequence of this legislation and other bills now shaping up under federal auspices:

► The nation's public schools and some parochial schoolchildren for the first time will get direct federal aid. About \$775 million will go this year to finance improvement projects that the schools themselves develop.

► College students will be able to get federal cash scholarships—instead of loans.

► A National Teachers Corp. will provide a pool of traveling teachers to help big-city systems with their slum schools.

► A network of regional educational research laboratories will go to work on stimulating ideas for new techniques in teaching, new concepts in school administration, new ideas in curriculums.

► A vastly enlarged work-study program will enable 100,000 youths to stay in high school and college while they work part-time—with the Federal Government paying 90% of their wages.

► A program will be launched to provide year-round preschool instruction and medical help for four- and five-year-olds; a similar project, designed to help "culturally deprived" high-schoolers prepare for college, will be organized on a summertime schedule.

► A Job Corps, already in operation in 62 camps, will be expanded to give problem kids (chiefly high school dropouts) remedial instruction and vocational help.

Nerve Center. The responsibility for directing the biggest part of this unprecedented involvement in the education affairs of the country falls to the Department of Health, Education & Welfare, which is run by Secretary John Gardner, 53. A onetime psychology professor, Gardner was president of the Carnegie Corporation, an educational foundation that has distributed \$347 million in grants since 1911; he left that post this year to take the job at HEW. The man who is directly in charge of administering the Federal Government's education programs is Gardner's Commissioner of Education, Francis Keppel, 49, a dark, slight (5 ft. 10 in., 152 lbs.) intense bolt of activity. In three short years in Washington, Keppel has changed the Office of Education from custodian of highly forgettable statistics to the nation's most energetic nerve center of academic ferment.

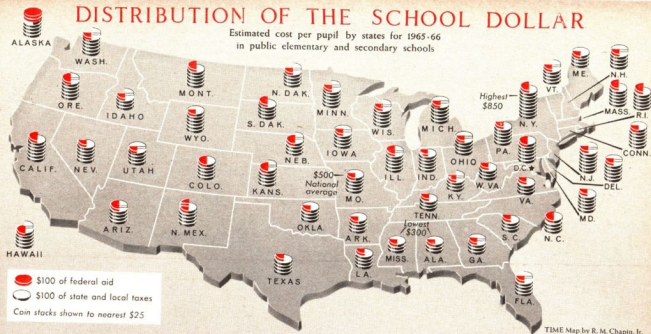
Keppel's powers spread throughout the entire fabric of American education. He is the czar of school integration programs, and can trigger a shut-off of federal funds to any educational project where racial discrimination exists. As



LANGUAGE LAB IN LOS ANGELES' RESEDA HIGH
With cassettes and microfilm at home.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SCHOOL DOLLAR

Estimated cost per pupil by states for 1965-66
in public elementary and secondary schools



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Assistant Secretary of Health, Education & Welfare, he heads a committee that is studying the educational efforts of 43 federal agencies. He is chairman of a group that will propose more legislation on education next year, and he will have much to say about the direction of a new federal program for spreading scientific research grants among clamoring universities.

More remarkable than the extent of his administrative powers and responsibilities is Keppel's achievement, over a few brief years, in shaping Washington's concept of the federal partnership in education, and the success with which he has helped gather lawmakers, politicians and educators into a purposeful alliance that supports the federal role.

The key to Keppel's success, says Columbia University Professor of Education Lawrence A. Cremin, is that he is "a man of intellect, but he's not arrogant. He is a political animal in the Aristotelian sense—a man who understands power and wants to use it for decent purposes." Adds Memphis School Superintendent E. C. Stimbirt: Keppel is "a breath of fresh air in education."

Thrust toward Learning. The notion that any federal bureaucrat, no matter how enlightened, should wield any influence at all in education would have shocked America's early settlers. Schooling was mainly a parental responsibility, and its aim was to make sure that children learned to read the Bible. The Constitution was silent on the matter of education, and schooling became a function of state governments, which delegated power to towns and local school boards. Still, the main thrust of education was directed chiefly at achieving spiritual and moral purity.

Fresh ideas, however, had begun to emerge. In Europe, Jean-Jacques Rous-

seau declared that education should strive to prepare a child for the world about him, not for the hereafter. Switzerland's Johann Pestalozzi urged schools to stop the "empty chattering of mere words" and help children to learn through observation, experimentation and reasoning. In the U.S., Horace Mann, contending that education could become "the most effective and benignant of all the forces of civilization," vastly strengthened the Massachusetts system of free public schools for the poor as well as the rich.

By 1900, 32 of the 45 states had compulsory-attendance laws.* Soon, educators came to accept John Dewey's dictum that education is not a preparation for life but a part of it, and that a school must "reproduce, within itself, the typical conditions of social life." "Progressive" education in the 1930s and '40s thus took the stress from textbooks and placed it on self-discipline and experimentation. The classrooms became more exciting, but soon educators were out-Deweying Dewey; permissiveness, and ultimately anti-intellectualism spoiled Dewey's dream. Thanks to reformers like former Harvard President James Conant (TIME cover, Sept. 14, 1959), schools began turning to the ideal of comprehensive education as well as cultural development for all children.

Except on rare occasions, the tradition of local control kept the Federal Government away from the schoolhouse. In 1862, the Morrill Act set up land-grant colleges, chiefly to promote agriculture and the mechanical arts. During World War I, the Government financed vocational training in the high

schools. Then, after World War II, the Treasury financed the \$14.5 billion G.I. Bill of Rights. Now, no longer was a high school education alone sufficient to meet the demands of a reawakened nation. College was the goal, and better preparation for it an absolute necessity.

Frank Keppel names four intellectual influences who contributed to the revolution in education during the past 15 years. "The first," he says, "is Robert Taft, who, I think, probably persuaded the American people that you could use federal tax money for primary and secondary schools without immediately ending in perdition. He himself proposed such bills; they never passed, but he got the thinking going. The second, not precisely like Mr. Taft, is Mr. Khrushchev, who scared the daylight out of us, scared us that the schools were not any good and that we had better compete. The third is Pope John, with the ecumenical movement, and the fourth is Lyndon Johnson. Can you think of a more unlikely batch?"

That unlikely batch, in fact, helped quiet fears that federal participation in education meant federal tyranny. "Words like 'regimentation' or 'control' are hubbubs of a controversy now past," says Yale's Kingman Brewster Jr. M.I.T. Chairman James Killian argues that federal support of new curriculum development has created "more diversity in our school systems, not less, more opportunities of choosing improved ways of teaching, not fewer."

The federal role, explains Frank Keppel, is "that of a junior partner in the firm in which the major stockholders are state, local and private educational agencies." In terms of money alone, he adds, the Government picks up only 13.6% of the nation's total school bill, hardly a controlling share.

* Today only Mississippi and South Carolina do not have compulsory-attendance laws.

Keppel sees the function of the Office of Education as that of a stimulator for improvement at the local school level, a leader in the search for the right goals in education. He contends that educators too often resist change; somehow, he says, they feel that "a voice for change is a voice against education." Partly for that reason, Keppel works hard to get businessmen, politicians, scientists and other thinkers involved in education's problems. "Education," he says, "is too important to be left solely to the educators."

Using the Money. Events so far, at any rate, have shown that most educa-

tion to school decently clothed, especially with warm clothes" (part of the federal allotment can, in fact, be spent on clothing). Other instructors want to use their money for such aids as film strips, slide projectors, tape recorders, closed-circuit TV and copying machines.

Although not all details of the Higher Education Act have been worked out, the plan calls for allocating college scholarship funds to the states. Each college will then choose from among the regularly enrolled students in good standing those who are most in need of the help. The grants, which should be available in February, may run as

development centers at major universities, and 2,000 local "supplementary service centers."

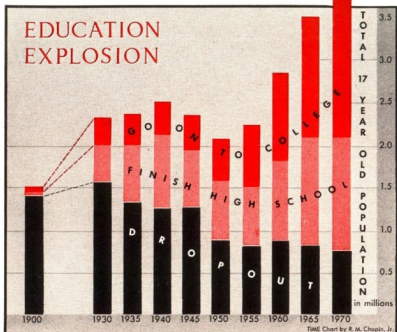
Out of such a network could well come revolutionary classroom concepts like the new math, which was developed under grants from the federally supported National Science Foundation. The new math is in use now in 40% of the nation's public grade schools despite increasing complaints from bewildered parents, who wonder whether teaching arithmetic by "sets" can help a child add a grocery bill. One of the new-math textbooks poses a problem in subtraction this way: "Take the set of animals which is the intersection of the set of lizards with the set of sick animals out of the cage." But the old way of saying that, insists one critic, Caltech Physicist Richard Feynman, was much better. This subtraction really boils down to: "Take the sick lizards out of the cage."

Presumably, the regional research laboratories will devote their energies to the need for getting the sick lizards out of pedagogy. The prototype of the laboratories idea is the M.I.T.-initiated Educational Services, Inc., supported by private foundations but sustained largely by \$20 million in federal grants. There, 350 faculty members from 200 colleges and universities have pitched into studies that range from the best way to teach semiconductor physics to development of a course on "Man." The "Man" study will take some time to evolve; it will try to find the answers to three questions: "What is human about human beings?" "How did they get that way?" "How can they be made more so?"

A new laboratory in New York City, operated chiefly by eight area universities, is analyzing successful slum kids to see how they overcame severe handicaps, finding ways to get parents involved in school activities, exploring educational parks. "In city slums, public schools are often just rotting cadavers," says the laboratory's planning chairman, Dr. Robert A. Dentler. "We must find some answers."

Most of the R. & D. centers will concentrate on less sweeping topics. In a Pittsburgh elementary school, University of Pittsburgh researchers roll piles of "programmed" textbooks into a huge hall, where children pick them up, work in silence at their own pace. An eight-year-old might be working on fifth-grade math, second-grade English, third-grade science. At Harvard, experts are studying the psychological factors that can inhibit a deprived child's ability to learn. The University of Oregon is trying to find out just how much influence teachers have in running their schools.

At the same time, the Office of Education is expanding its own research program. Only four years ago, 80% of such research was handled by schools of education whose investigators too often dwelt on such esoteric questions as



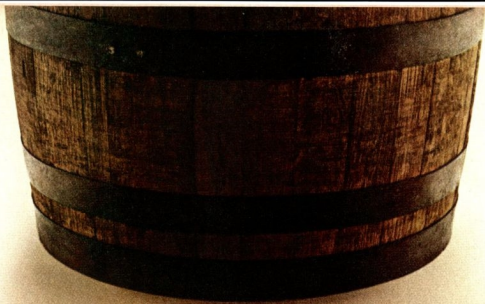
tors are only too eager to accept the new Government programs. The Elementary and Secondary Act gives school districts and the states virtually a free say on how they will use their federal funds. The uses will vary widely. Houston, for example, plans to put about \$3,000,000 into 25 schools in poor neighborhoods. Pupils will get more individual instruction and go to museums and the opera; 5,000 parents will be enlisted in guidance programs; the correlation between the degree of a student's muscular coordination and the development of his reading skills will be studied. Sacramento School Superintendent Dr. F. Melvyn Lawson wants to concentrate on psychological and psychiatric services for disturbed children, hopes to find out "what's helping problem youngsters and why they cannot tick." Arlington, Va., educators are considering a music center, a planetarium and a science day camp. Responding to a survey in the trade publication, *Grade Teacher*, Detroit Teacher Jean Curtiss declared: "Oh boy, I'd like to see to it that every child came

high as \$1,000, can be used for other college expenses as well as tuition.

As soon as the National Teacher Corps gets organized, school districts with concentrations of low-income families will be able to get help from the pool and use it any way they see fit. The roving teachers will probably form teams, so that classroom time can be used more effectively, or they may provide individual students with remedial work and counseling.

In addition to these new programs, federal school-construction projects continue to get special attention. U.S. funds this year are helping to build classrooms and laboratories at 460 colleges and universities, 360 public libraries and 26 community colleges and technical institutes.

Research Channels. The real potential in the Government's big push lies in the attempt, for the first time, to set up orderly ways to get new ideas flowing from fertile minds into local classrooms. The network for innovation will comprise 20 broadly based "national laboratories," nine research and



It may be a plain old barrel to you,
but it's important to us.

It allows us to save you about a dollar
on Canadian whisky.

This is one of the barrels we used to bring Canadian
Lord Calvert across the Canadian border.

Of course, we *could* have bottled our whisky up there,
but you should be glad we didn't. By bottling Canadian
Lord Calvert in the U.S.A., we save enough in
taxes and freight to shave about one dollar off the
price of every fifth.

This means that you get a superb imported
Canadian whisky at a fair and reasonable price.

It makes that barrel look kind of nice, doesn't it?





*1966 Thunderbird:
America's
Personal Luxury Car*

Among the world's great luxury cars, only Thunderbird is so fully dedicated to the idea of personal luxury.

For example, among many innovations for 1966, there is a new, more formal Town series with its own distinctive roofline. The classic Thunderbird look, in convertible and hardtop models, is still available.

This year, too, Thunderbird leads

the way with unique features like a Safety Convenience Panel mounted overhead in the new Town models. This panel warns the driver if a door is ajar or fuel is low, and reminds him to fasten his seatbelt. A similar unit is dash-mounted, on other models.

A new, more powerful Thunderbird V-8 engine is now standard. Or, if you wish, a remarkable new 428-cu-



A PRODUCT OF



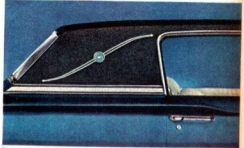
1966 Thunderbird Town Hardtop

bic-inch V-8 is offered as optional equipment. Another distinctive Thunderbird option this year is an AM Radio/Stereo Tape system. You can enjoy over 70 minutes of music with easy-to-load tape cartridges.

Discover the smooth, silent world of Thunderbird. Let your Ford Dealer show you why Thunderbird continues to be America's *Personal Luxury Car*.



This panel in Town models tells when doors are ajar, seatbelts unfastened, fuel low, emergency flasher is operating.



Smart new roofline for Town Landau and Town Hardtop is the newest of Thunderbird's 1966 styling innovations.



Highway Pilot Control switches are on the steering wheel to set, maintain and resume highway speed automatically.

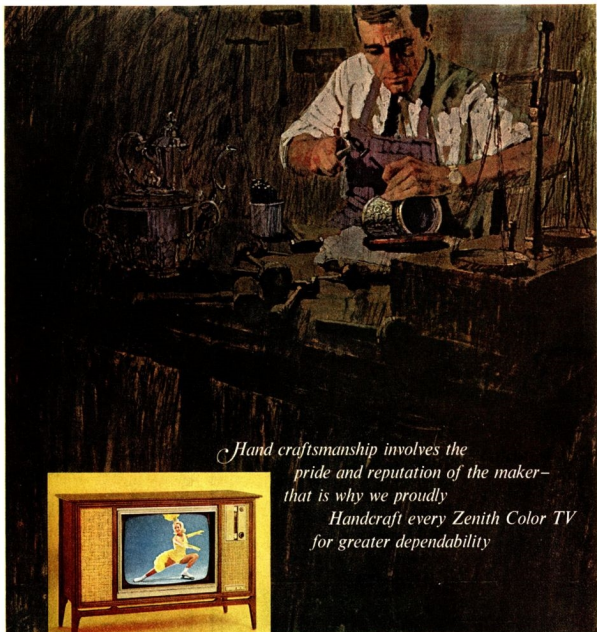


Integrated AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape System is cartridge-loaded, snaps in, snaps out, needs no threading.



Thunderbird's unique Sequential Turn Signals in full-width taillights signal each turn with a ripple of light.

ZENITH COLOR TV



*Hand craftsmanship involves the
pride and reputation of the maker—
that is why we proudly
Handcraft every Zenith Color TV
for greater dependability*



For generations, skilled craftsmen have taken pride in their work. And so they should. Handcrafted things are built better to last longer.

That's why every connection in Zenith Color TV is carefully hand-wired for greater operating dependability and fewer service problems year after year. There are no plastic printed circuit boards, no production shortcuts in the Handcrafted Zenith Color Chassis.

But Zenith Color TV is not only built better to last longer. It has exclusive color advances like Zenith's brilliant new Sunshine® Color Tube, with a new rare earth phosphor for

redder reds, brighter greens and more brilliant blues.

And Zenith's exclusive Super Gold Video Guard Tuning System—with 125 gold contacts—for ultra-sensitive reception and longer TV life.

See Zenith Color TV—available with Zenith Space Command® VHF Remote Control—in a wide selection of fine-furniture cabinetry at your Zenith dealer's now. At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.®



BUILT BETTER BECAUSE IT'S HANDCRAFTED

hand. Those weapons, especially those terrible weapons that modern science has given you, long before they produce victims and ruins, cause bad dreams, foster bad feelings, create nightmares and distrust."

The task of the U.N., the Pope continued, is not merely to prevent conflict but to organize cooperation among nations for the common good of mankind. In dealing with the problem of overpopulation and world hunger, he said, "Your task is to ensure that there is enough bread on the tables of mankind, and not to encourage an artificial birth control, which would be irrational, in order to diminish the number of guests at the banquet of life." Finally, he proposed that any permanent edifice of peace must be based upon the "moral conscience of man"—implying a faith in God, "the father of all men."

"A Great Message." Paul's 30-minute address was dutifully greeted by a long round of applause and enthusiastic comment. "A great message," said Guatemala's Foreign Minister Alberto Herrarte. "A very great event in the history of the United Nations," seconded Foreign Minister Spyros Kyprianou of Cyprus. Commenting on television, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen paraphrased Goethe: "If you ever treat men the way they are, you never improve them; if you talk to them the way you want them to be, they become better."

Beneath the surface of praise, however, was an undercurrent of disappointment that the Pope had not said more, or said it better. In substance, he had made no departure or advance from the pronouncements of his predecessors. His poignant plea for an end to war predictably could be—and was—applauded by Moscow, Washington, London and Paris (Peking was silent). There were nuances in the speech that could give U.S. policymakers pause. One was Paul's implied suggestion that Red China should be welcomed to the U.N.—a notion that easily lent encouragement to those nations who oppose U.S. policy on that score. The Pope's peace-at-almost-any-price tone could be used as an argument against the U.S.'s firm anti-Communist policy.

Many people were disturbed by the Pope's apparently gratuitous reference to birth control; the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church, thought it a disappointingly "sectarian" note, and many others read Paul's statement as a sign that the Catholic Church may yet refuse to modernize its views on the subject.

Mantle, Maris, Montini. From a sectarian note, Paul turned at length to an ecumenical touch. After a reception at the U.N.—where he exchanged a long and earnest handshake with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko—the Pope left for a meeting with Orthodox, Protestant and Jewish leaders at the nearby Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Family. There was no hint of

"Return to Rome" in his greeting either to the separated "Christian brothers" or to those of other faiths. In a speech of welcome, Philip Klutznick, of the Jewish Center for the U.N., reminded the Pope of Israel's proud and ancient word for peace; Paul quietly responded: "Shalom."

The climax of Paul's visit was yet to come. That night he celebrated Mass before more than 90,000 people in Yankee Stadium—an occasion that turned the old arena, one Catholic noted, into "the home of Mantle, Maris and Montini." Instead of a solemn pontifical Mass, Paul chose to recite a simple Low Mass, to which the congregation responded rousing in English. In keeping with the liturgical reforms of the Vatican Council, lessons were read by laymen, and twelve children—the only ones to receive Communion from the

a reporter asked Paul as they neared Rome. Answered the Pope, smiling: "Tutti cari, tutti buoni [All dear, all good]." The next day, following his return, he told the bishops at the Vatican Council that "the Catholic Church has assumed a greater obligation to serve the cause of peace because of the fact that, through our voice, she has solemnly pleaded its cause."

Instrument of the Godless. There was, of course, a measure of redundancy in the Pope's statement; even before Paul's address, no one had seriously doubted that he and his church were committed to world peace. But it was an open question whether the speech—no matter how sincere its message and dramatic the circumstance—would do much to further his lofty goals. Certainly it would bolster the morale of the professional diplomats who hope to see

ROBERT HUNTZINGER



IN MOTORCADE TO U.N.

"Never one against the other, never again, never more."

Pope that day—brought the bread and wine to the altar to be consecrated. Speaking his sermon in thickly accented English, the Pope dwelt on Christ's seventh beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers." Said Paul: "If we truly wish to be Christians, we must love peace. We must conform our minds to the thought of peace."

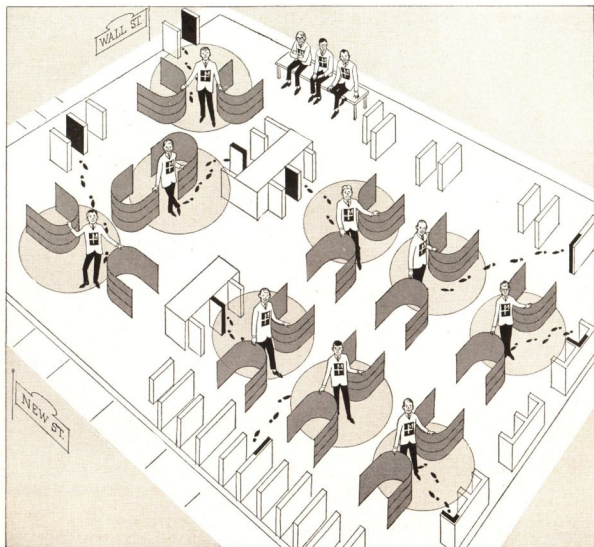
"Tutti Buoni." To great, deafening farewell cheers, the papal motorcade then whisked to the World's Fair for a brief tour of the Vatican pavilion. There, visibly exhausted, the Pope stared blankly for a while at Michelangelo's *Pietà* in its unaccustomed setting, gave his blessing to the modest crowd that braved the night air for a final glimpse of the Pontiff. Then he was hurried back to Kennedy Airport for the TWA flight home—14 hours after his arrival in New York.

"What impressed you particularly?"

"The famed statue will return to Rome by ship on Nov. 2, two weeks after the fair closes. It is unlikely that it will ever be moved again. Recently it was decreed that henceforth Vatican art treasures may not be sent out on loan."

the U.N. roused from its present state of impotence. Certainly the Pope's unqualified endorsement of the organization would swing to it a degree of popular support, particularly from the Catholics who have long suspected it to be an instrument of the godless.

Though it was possible to question the lasting impact of Paul's peacemaking address, it was impossible to deny that his mission was an unmistakable landmark in history, another great personal triumph for the Pope. Perhaps the most lasting effect of the pilgrimage would be what theologians might call a "de-mythologizing" of the papacy. In escaping again the museumlike confines of the Vatican for the secular world, the Pope dramatized his wish to be not only the Vicar of Christ but also the servant of the servants of God. In a world grown tired and suspicious of ritual and mystery, it was well for the humble man Paul to be recognized beneath the exalted churchly office. For the more the world was able to see his stature as a man, the more, perhaps, it might be willing to heed his words as Pope.



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U.S. BUSINESS

MONEY

Spending Abroad, Lending at Home

Both in business and Government last week, money was very much on men's minds. Government policymakers were worried that businessmen are spending too much abroad, were also concerned about signs of tighter money and higher interest rates at home. Businessmen were increasingly disturbed by evidence that the Government—through pressure, persuasion and official guidelines—is intervening deeply in some private realms of the money market.

Reassurance Needed. Business plans this year to increase its overseas spending for plant and equipment by at least 20% (to \$7.4 billion or more), which some take as proof that the Administration's vaguely worded appeal for "voluntary" restraint has been a flop. Reports of White House dissatisfaction with this approach, which had been advocated by Commerce Secretary John Connor, were so widespread that Lyndon Johnson had to reassure Connor of his continued confidence. The Secretary did some reassuring too. "Businessmen definitely are not letting me down," said Connor, who once warned that if he failed businessmen would "find a professor sitting in my chair." Connor insisted: "I was for the voluntary program all the way, and I still feel it is the right approach. Mandatory controls are not wise or warranted."

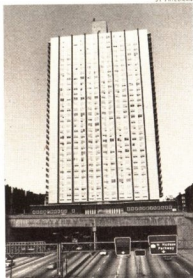
Connor points out that U.S. businessmen have repatriated about \$500 million that they previously held abroad, financed much of their overseas expansion by borrowing heavily from foreign banks. Still, Connor's program, which covers 500 major corporations, has been less successful than the Federal Reserve Board's program covering bank lending abroad. The banks have been flatly told not to increase their foreign loans by more than 5%, and they have kept within that limit; last week, at the annual meeting of the American Bankers Association in Chicago, many bankers complained that too much pressure was being put on them and that more ought to be applied to business. The Administration now intends to harden Connor's program, may well put through more explicit though still "voluntary" limits on overseas investment and require that companies report precisely on each planned move abroad.

In a Bind. While constricting the flow of money abroad, the Administration is most anxious not to let money tighten too much at home. The U.S. supply of money has already begun to tighten, largely because of the record demand for credit. Bank loans have risen 16% this year to a total \$48 billion; corporate loans and consumer credit are each rising by about \$1 billion a month. Worried about the possibility of infla-

tion, the Federal Reserve Board has contributed to the tightening simply by not adding enough to the money supply to keep up with loan demand. The board in the past two weeks has injected \$1 billion to ease the situation. But the Administration, which is committed to an easy-money course for the economy, is urging the Federal Reserve to loosen up still further and private bankers to hold down interest rates.

The bankers are in a bind. They pay 4% or more for deposits, but lend mon-

lectively increasing rates to many borrowers, and the Chase Manhattan announced that it will pare down the number of customers eligible for the prime rate. But borrowing will probably continue to increase, if only because businessmen are entering the Christmas buying season when they traditionally borrow enthusiastically to support inventories. Thus, whatever bankers do or the Administration says, the money tightening is likely to increase—and so is the debate.



APARTMENTS OVER MANHATTAN EXPRESSWAY

Expansive concrete, expensive land.



SHOPPING CENTER AT ILLINOIS INTERSECTION

ey out to prime borrowers at 4½—a spread that hardly pays their handling costs. They are afraid to raise their own prime rate (on which all other lending rates are based) because three banks that tried to do so last year were forced to retreat after President Johnson publicly criticized them. Last week Arthur Okun, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, pointedly warned against such increases. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler told the A.B.A. meeting in Chicago that steady interest rates are "an important factor in the greatest and best-balanced period of domestic prosperity in our history." He also privately laid down a new Administration guideline: no across-the-board increases, though some boosts will be tolerated.

Bankers were aggrieved that they could not up all rates, yet relieved that the Government apparently will not muscle down the selective raises they have recently posted. After Manhattan's Chemical Bank two weeks ago increased its rates on loans to finance companies from 4½ to 4¾, other major banks followed. Last week the world's largest lender, California's Bank of America, said that it has been se-

HIGHWAYS

Transformation by Road

The nation's highways, spreading inexorably across the U.S., are not only transforming American life but having deep effects on business. Last week in Manhattan, Federal Highway Administrator Rex M. Whitton announced that the vast program to build 41,000 miles of interstate highway has just about reached the halfway mark: 19,950 miles opened, another 6,100 miles under construction. There is nothing halfway, though, about the economic impact that the \$46.8 billion program has already made on dozens of areas across the U.S.

Since 1956, when Congress authorized the program, federal and state agencies have poured \$23.3 billion into the economy for land, labor, construction materials and equipment. Real estate prices along the roads have risen as much as thirtyfold, putting adjoining land among the nation's most expensive property. Around expressway interchanges and exits, new motels, restaurants, gas stations, shopping centers and even office buildings have sprung up. Many isolated, drowsy communities—placed within commuting time of cities

by the new roads—have suddenly come alive and prospered. To take advantage of the expanded labor force and markets made accessible by expressways, industry is clustering new plants on land surrounding the interchanges.

In the Mainstream. Near Los Angeles, Douglas Aircraft has built a multi-million-dollar space-systems facility off Interstate 405 (the San Diego Freeway), plans to build all its new facilities near the expressway so that it can easily move personnel and material from plant to plant. Chrysler's decision to build a \$50 million auto plant near remote Belvidere, Ill. (pop. 11,200), was strongly influenced by the proximity of I-90, which connects it with Chicago and still allows quick access to the big Chrysler plants in Michigan.

Dallas' eight-mile Stemmons Freeway, part of I-35E, is directly responsible for a \$250 million hotel and shopping-center boom along its right of way. On I-94, which carries Detroit-Chicago traffic across 218 miles of southern Michigan, five shopping centers, 19 motels and 39 restaurants have been built around the road's 130 interchanges. The case of Valdosta, Ga. (pop. 32,700), is typical: when a section of I-75 opened three years ago, the city found itself in the mainstream of Atlanta-Miami traffic, ever since has enjoyed a tourist boom that has created new jobs in motels, restaurants and gas stations.

Building on Air. The effects of the interstate highway system have not all been beneficial. Many Main Street busi-

nesses in bypassed towns have dwindled. Railroad passenger traffic between cities connected by new highways has suffered a similar decline. Municipal revenues have fallen as the new super roads cut wide swaths across taxable land, though they usually come back as land values rise adjacent to the highways.

One way for the cities to recoup their taxable property losses is to put up buildings right over the highways, as New York City has done on the west-bound approach to the George Washington Bridge. Last week, following that lead, the District of Columbia granted air rights to the Department of Labor to build a \$47.6 million office building that will straddle the planned Washington Inner Loop Freeway near the foot of Capitol Hill.

AVIATION

Coming of Age on the Battlefield

Nothing in the U.S. arsenal in Viet Nam has produced more spectacular results than the helicopter, which is now used for rocket and strafing attacks, troop hauling, supply runs, rescue missions and reconnaissance. Success in war is also producing spectacular results for the \$900 million-a-year helicopter industry. With the increasing U.S. commitment in Viet Nam the Pentagon this year has ordered an additional \$600 million worth of helicopters from Bell, Hughes Tool and Boeing-Vertol, which are (along with Sikorsky) the leaders of the industry.

More than 1,300 helicopters are in

commercial use in the U.S.—for airport service, executive aircraft, industrial and farm work—but the military already uses 8,500 helicopters, now takes 90% of the industry's production. Civilian growth has been slow because, for all their land-on-a-dime convenience, helicopters are costly to buy, expensive to operate, relatively slow-moving (best cruising speed: 100 m.p.h.) and apt to be grounded on foggy days. All that is being rapidly changed, however, by competition for Government orders and holder engineering to meet requirements in Viet Nam. The industry is pushing along helicopter development to produce craft that go faster, haul more, operate longer and require less maintenance—all to its eventual commercial benefit.

New Huey. The need for speed and for minimal down-time in Viet Nam has vastly increased the use of the turbine engine, which provides more power than pistons and can fly about four times longer without an overhaul. The most common helicopter in Viet Nam up to now has been the workhorse Huey (the nickname for Bell's UH-1B), but the trend today is toward larger, more powerful craft. Vertol's 44-passenger, turbine-powered Chinook has already gone into service, and the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) is using Sikorsky's turbine-powered CH-54As—or Skycranes—which can carry 87 men or six Jeeps. Because its Hueys were being hit by groundfire, Bell developed an armor-plated HueyCobra with a turbine engine, is hoping for Pentagon approval. Hughes Tool last spring won a contract for a light observation helicopter, is building more than 700 OH-6As, which cruise at 145 m.p.h. and can lift slightly more than their own weight (1,084 lbs.).

The industry's eleven companies are also working on some major innovations. Lockheed is experimenting with an odd-looking, stub-winged plane that takes off as a helicopter with rotors spinning overhead, folds the rotors into its body, then flies on at speeds of up to 500 m.p.h. Vertol is designing a tilt-wing aircraft that also lifts off as a copter, with its wings in a vertical position, then speeds forward as the wings are tilted horizontally and propellers take over to pull it along. Hughes's experimental XV-9A shoots hot gases out of rotor-tip vents for increased power. The industry has also developed all-weather instruments, automatic stabilizers, rotor blades that function for longer periods, more efficient rotor heads and gearboxes.

Added Advantage. These innovations have spurred helicopter manufacturers to take a fresh look at the civilian market. While awaiting Pentagon approval for its HueyCobra, Bell this week showed off a new civilian helicopter—a five-seat Jet Ranger that goes 140 m.p.h., lifts 1,500 lbs. and is 50% more economical to operate than piston helicopters. Hughes is producing a civilian version of its observation helicopter,



BELL'S HUEYCOBRA



HUGHES'S XV-9A



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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1965

and Fairchild Hiller, which lost out to Hughes in the military competition, is pushing its FH-1100 as a turbine-driven, \$85,000 executive plane.

Mass transportation is also a promising field: the bigger, better helicopters being proven out today may some day fly Washington-New York or Los Angeles-San Francisco routes with almost the speed of fixed-wing aircraft and with the added advantage of being able to land downtown. Pioneer Igor Sikorsky, who has been building helicopters for 56 years and recently sent his Skycrane to Viet Nam, believes the day is coming when helicopters carrying 100 passengers or more will serve the same function as buses and commuter trains.

read is a question beyond statistics. At any rate, booksellers, whose hardcover markup runs to 40% or better, are expecting a record fall. Brentano's Schwartz is admitting how wrong he was in a concrete way: he is doubling the size of his main store on Fifth Avenue, planning to add five more branches to the company's present 15.

Key to Survival. Americans now buy books from some 165,000 retail outlets, ranging from Chicago's giant Kroch's & Brentano's, which lists 150,000 titles, to the corner drugstores with their paperback racks. Of these outlets, 2,062 are traditional bookshops that sell both hardbacks and paperbacks, 352 are quality paperback stores (which do an \$18 million-a-year business) and 882 are discount houses, department stores and supermarkets (\$52 million annually). In addition, some 130 book clubs run up sales of \$145 million a year, a trifling \$3,000,000 below the general book business, including college stores and specialized shops: \$526,000,000.

The discounter has forced out a few of the smaller booksellers, but his main effect on the others has been to convince them that the key to survival is more attractive stores, better service and larger selections. A New York University survey showed that eight out of ten regular book buyers would rather pay list price in a regular bookshop than go to a discounter for the sake of the markdown. Many buyers go into a store with only a vague idea of what they want, need attentive salesmen (all too rare) to guide them to their choice. "Give me five minutes' conversation with a man about books," says Everett Noonan, manager of Martindale's in Beverly Hills, "and I can tell you what he would like and hit it on the nose just about every time."

The New York bookstores, which face the heaviest discount competition, have shown the industry how to fight back. Doubleday, whose two biggest-volume stores are within five blocks of each other on Fifth Avenue, offers a fast checking service, easy exchange of books bought at other stores, handsome wrapping and a record department. Brentano's has added ancient and modern art in original and reproduction, adult games and library furniture. Rizzoli has the elegance of an 18th century library, plans to offer browsers authentic espresso made with water imported from Italy. "Our customers are doing more than exchanging money for a book," boasts Scribner's Vice President Igor Kropotkin. "They are having a significant experience." Only twelve doors from discounting Korvette, Scribner boosted its sales 20% last year, matched Korvette's 2,000-volume sale of *The Making of the President, 1964*, copy for copy—despite Korvette's \$2.16 discount on the \$6.95 book.

Easy Transition. The book clubs are no longer the threat they once seemed—and hence, of course, are the paperbacks. Sellers say the clubs cater to

many people who could not get to a bookshop, otherwise help store sales with generous advertisements in national magazines. Paperbacks, which give the seller only half the hardcover markup, have proved to bring in buyers who would never have been attracted otherwise, also introduce many younger people to serious reading. "Soon a person is going from a 75¢ novel to a \$5 novel," says Joseph B. Anderson, owner of a bookshop in Larchmont, N.Y. "It's an easy transition, once they're hooked on books." Once they are hooked, cost is no barrier; hardcover prices have gone up almost as much as sales, today average \$6.93, 32% more than five years ago.

The biggest growth in bookselling is occurring in the suburbs; of 149 stores opened last year, 60% were in the suburbs. "The real success stories," says Scribner's Kropotkin, "are found in the shopping centers, where stores are having to double their size overnight to accommodate the demand." Doubleday, Brentano's, and Kroch's have located most of their recent additions in suburban areas. Booksellers estimate that 40% of the population lives outside the range of present bookstores, feel that this is the area of unlimited expansion.

SHIPPING

Radical Reform—Some Day

Weighted down by the world's highest taxes, labor and construction costs, the U.S. merchant fleet survives only by dint of vast Government subsidies: \$416 million yearly. Any attempt to pare the handouts or change the fleet's special-treatment laws is usually torpedoed by the industry and its combative unions. Last week a Government task force headed by Commerce Under Secretary Alan Boyd bravely launched a drastic program for shipping reform. Key proposals:

- ▶ End all U.S. passenger service by 1977 simply by not replacing the 13 luxurious but mostly money-losing U.S. liners as they wear out. Estimated ultimate saving: \$47 million yearly.
- ▶ Permit U.S. flagships to be built and repaired in less expensive foreign yards, but maintain a fixed amount of subsidized building in U.S. yards for national security needs. Saving: \$44.5 million yearly.
- ▶ Eliminate laws requiring at least 50% of all Government cargoes to be shipped in U.S. vessels. Eventual saving: \$400 million yearly.
- ▶ Use the savings from these cutbacks to subsidize the building and operation of 65 modern and highly automated ships, which presumably could be run by much smaller crews.

Predictably, the industry's politically powerful shipping lines, builders and unions opposed the program or large chunks of it. Said James Farrell, chairman of Farrell Lines: "Some of the proposals will get through, some day—but about as immediately as peace in Viet Nam."



BROWSERS IN DENVER

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RETAILING

Hooked on Books

Only a few years ago, requiems were being performed over the retail book trade in the U.S. Time-consuming TV and the faster pace of modern life, feared the booksellers, would pre-empt serious reading. The book clubs with their vast mail-order lists and, most of all, the price-cutting discount houses were challenging the conventional bookstore. Leonard Schwartz, president of Manhattan-based Brentano's, predicted that many booksellers would not survive discounting.

They have not only survived—they are thriving as never before. Sales by traditional booksellers (excluding discounters) rose 9% last year to \$148 million, and this year they are expected to jump another 10% to 15%. How many of the books sold are actually

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WORLD BUSINESS

EAST GERMANY

Progress in Purgatory

Seen through the calculating eyes of East Germany's economic planners, the Berlin Wall has been a huge success. Though a moral outrage and a physical eyesore, it has stanchied the drain of manpower that until 1961 was the worst economic problem in Walter Ulbricht's grim satellite. By thus stabilizing the labor force and preventing much-needed technicians from escaping to the West, the Wall has contributed substantially to a rise in East German production. Last week the highly regarded West Berlin Institute for Economic Research reported that the East German economy at last has come to "the end of years of economic stagnation."

After growing less than 3% annually in the early 1960s, East Germany's production this year will climb 5% to \$21 billion, at official if somewhat inflated rates of exchange. Though that is only one-fifth of West Germany's output, East Germany has become the top producer for the Soviet orbit outside of Russia itself. It has the highest living standard of any Communist country and—at least by its own statistics—ranks as the world's tenth biggest industrial power, eighth in production of TV sets, seventh in chemicals, fifth in exports of office machines. From such plants as the Leuna chemical works at Merseburg and the Carl Zeiss works at Jena—mostly established before World War II and rebuilt after bombings and Soviet dismantling—skilled workers turn out an array of petrochemicals, computers and heavy machines for the entire Eastern bloc.

Looking to Liberman. Along with forcibly stopping the leakage of labor, East Germany has taken another im-

portant step toward stability: it has embraced capitalist-like reforms for its economy more thorough than those of any other Soviet satrapy. Instead of Marx's hoary notion of giving "to each according to his needs," it is tending toward Soviet Economist Evsei Liberman's philosophy of reward according to efficiency. Since 1963, East Germany has also adopted what used to be heresy: industrial decentralization and looser planning. The regime granted more powers to local managers to boost or slash production, prices, investments and labor forces. At least some factories are now expected to justify their existence by showing steady profits.

Converting a command economy into an incentive economy is hard enough; it is doubly difficult to get managers to think for themselves in a country in which Stalinism and central authority are still deeply ingrained. The East German regime is trying to accomplish it by turning over more responsibility to a new generation of younger technocrats. The new Minister for Foreign Trade, Horst Sille, is 41, and many plant managers are now between 25 and 40. While such men are sometimes critical of the East German economy, what they fault is not the totalitarian system, but the old, open-collared party hacks who resist change. Says Kurt Leopold, West Germany's former chief trade negotiator with East Germany: "The younger generation is conspicuously pressing for reform. The older party officials hate them but are powerless to stop the trend."

Socialist Deodorant. East Germany and its people look somewhat less shabby than a few years ago, partly because of the reforms and partly because even minor improvements seem large compared with the previous grimness.

It is no longer very easy to tell East Berliners from West Berliners simply by their clothes. The deadly gloom of East Berlin's Unter den Linden has lately been relieved by a couple of fashionable boutiques and some six-story buildings of aluminum and glass. The ponderous, ugly neoclassicism of the Stalinist era is shunned by the city's chief architect, Joachim Mäther, 40, who draws his inspiration from Manhattan's Lever House. But to step into glistening West Berlin is still not only to step into another country; it is almost to visit another planet.

Also becoming more popular in East Berlin are tuxedos, French perfumes, books on etiquette, and—advertised in neon—a socialist deodorant. Still, a mass-consumption society is a long way off. For one thing, four-fifths of the country's production remains in industrial goods; for another, the average wage of \$151 a month does not go much beyond bare necessities. The East German worker must skimp to buy coffee at \$9 a lb., a TV set at \$500, or the cheapest 26 h.p. car at \$2,000. Last year 62,698 cars were made for a country of 17 million people; naturally, the waiting lists are long.

Widening Gap. Despite a three-year campaign to improve the quality of exports, the regime admits that only 10% of East Germany's production is as good as Western output. Partly because the Scandinavians and some other Western buyers have complained that East German products fall apart after a few months' use, the country's sales to the West have flattened out at 16% of its \$3 billion export total—of which West Germany takes 10% and Russia 50%. Moreover, the economic gap between East and West Germany is widening. Though the East should be growing faster because it begins from a much smaller base, its economy is expanding only half as rapidly as booming West Germany's.

WEST GERMANY

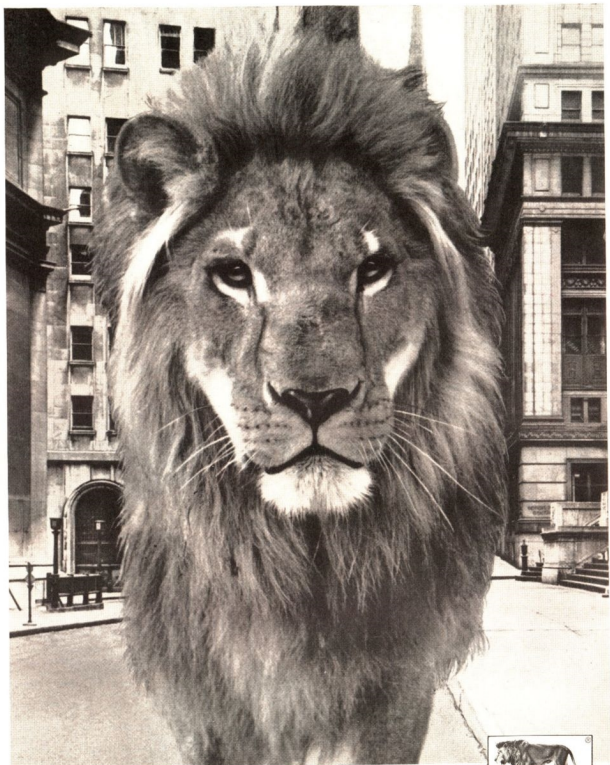
Communist-Capitalist Partnerships

While East Germany is struggling just to keep its trade with the West from falling, West Germany is having no trouble finding ways of increasing its trade with the East. In the last decade, the value of goods that it sells to Iron Curtain countries has quintupled to \$500 million annually. Now a new phase in the country's push eastward is beginning. West Germany and Poland are setting up a company owned jointly by the private West German firm of IBAG (for Internationale Baumaschinenfabrik Aktiengesellschaft) and the Polish state.

The new company is not only the first arrangement of its kind between an Eastern and a Western European country, but is further distinguished by the



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ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary
200 Berkeley Street, Boston

fact that it will have its headquarters in West Germany. Primarily a trading company, it will handle all Polish exports and imports of heavy machinery, thus expanding INAG's Eastern market for cranes, cement mixers and stone-crushing machines while providing Poland with a much more effective Western sales outlet than its bureaucratic state export agency could ever hope to become on its own.

In setting up Depolma, small INAG (1964 sales: \$9,500,000) beat some giants to the punch. Since early this year, Krupp has been trying to develop several direct joint enterprises with Poland, but so far has been more successful in setting up triangular trade agreements. A Polish contractor is building a Krupp-designed cement factory in Yugoslavia, and shipyards in Bulgaria are making fishing vessels for Ethiopia under subcontracts from Krupp; the company has offered similar triangular deals to the U.S.S.R. Essen's Rheinstahl has agreed to supply Hungary with steel and to engage later in joint manufacture of machine tools, radiators, boilers and pumps that will be marketed in third countries. The Soviet Union has shown little enthusiasm for triangular arrangements, but it is clearly interested in the Depolma idea, is sending a group to West Germany to study the setup.



RESTYLED SILVER SHADOW
Like abandoning the monarchy.

BRITAIN

Rolls Goes Mod

To auto fanciers the world over, the Rolls-Royce has long been an inviolate classic, almost completely unchanged in appearance since 1906. The Rolls has been not so much a car as a symbol of stability. The idea of altering it seemed to many fully as alarming as abandoning the monarchy. While other classical profiles—such as that of West Germany's Mercedes—succumbed reluctantly to the times, the Rolls rolled haughtily on, confident that it could not be improved upon.

Or so it seemed. Actually, in deepest secrecy, Rolls has been working on a new model for ten years. After spending \$7,000,000 and employing 270 technicians, the firm displayed the result at last week's Paris Auto Show: a new Rolls so thoroughly restyled that only the classic radiator grille, though lower and squarer, remains to recall the car's lineage. Rolls designers have chopped

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From top left, the Marchant Two-Step, the Marchant Transmatic 416-S, and the Marchant Cogito 240-SR.

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off 7 in. in length, 5 in. in height and 34 in. in width from the dimensions of the car's proud predecessor, the Silver Cloud. They have abandoned the old boxy profile in favor of a more streamlined look, redesigned the side slabs so that they extend in an unbroken line from front to rear.

Quiet Touches. The new Rolls, called the Silver Shadow, has been changed in other respects. Somehow, the designers have been able to increase the interior room while decreasing the outer dimensions. The car is built in the latest "monocoque" principle—already used in the Jaguar and the Rambler—which combines the chassis and body into a single unit of construction. It also incorporates a number of engineering advances that have long been standard on some lower-priced cars, including independent suspension for all four wheels, power steering and hydraulic disk brakes—to which Rolls added its own quiet touch by specially grooving them to cut down squeal. Another quiet touch may not cut down squeal: priced at \$18,356 including tax in Britain, the car will cost a full \$2,000 more than its predecessor.

From Realms Remote. In a dubious compliment, London's Daily Mirror described the new Rolls as having a "Mod look," and the Daily Telegraph exulted that the car "has stepped down from some realm remote from ordinary things and is now 'with it.'" But the style changes shocked and saddened traditionalists. The magazine *Auto-Journal* observed that by bringing the car "into the classic line of everyman's car, Rolls no longer strikes the eye and thus loses a great part of its singularity and originality." Paris' *Le Monde* regretted that "Rolls is losing little by little its character of collector's item by making sacrifices to progress."

The Rolls people insist that they know what their customers want. They did no formal market research, found out about owners—and chauffeurs—feelings through Rolls dealers. "After all," says Chief Designer Harry Gyrills, who supervised the design revolution, "we know most of our customers by their Christian names."

BRAZIL

Another Kind of Vote

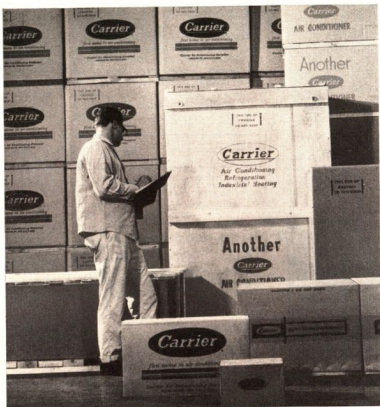
As Brazil contemplates the unsettling results of the gubernatorial elections just held in eleven states (see *THE HEMISPHERE*), another kind of vote is making its impact on the country. It is a vote of confidence in Brazil's economy, and it is being cast every week by foreign investors.

Brazil has not nearly solved all its economic problems, but so many of them have been brought under control—inflation, an antiquated capital market, wide currency fluctuations—that money frightened off a few years back is once more flowing into the country. The flow is being hastened by Planning

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims,

to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (from *TIME* Publisher's Letter)

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Minister Roberto Campos, the main architect of Brazil's economic resurgence, who likes to take potential investors out on a yacht in Rio de Janeiro Bay, when sun and sea have weakened their resistance, press upon them the advantages of investing in Brazil. It seems to work.

This week two subsidiaries of Brazilian Traction Light & Power Co. will sign a \$40 million loan agreement with the U.S. Agency for International Development as the first step in a five-year, \$228 million program to double their service. The Inter-American Development Bank and ADELA (Atlantic Community Development Group for Latin America), a private, multinational investment group that has invested \$12.7 million in Latin America, have just joined with Brazilian Millionaire

Israel Klabin to set up a \$25 million pulp-and-paper mill in Brazil's interior.

Private industry is also stepping up its spending. Volkswagen is laying out \$100 million to double its plant capacity, and Ford is investing \$30 million to enable its truck and tractor factory to assemble automobiles as well. Alcoa has set up a pilot company as the first step toward establishing a \$51 million aluminum works. The most hopeful investment field is in petrochemicals, where the government recently broke the long-held monopoly of state-owned Petróbrás to attract more efficient private companies. Some ten corporations, including Jersey Standard, Gulf, and Phillips Petroleum, are now actively studying the investment possibilities. Brazil hopes that they will end up investing about \$200 million each.

MILESTONES

Born. To Elizabeth Montgomery, 32, beguiling TV hex (*Bewitched*), and William Asher, 42, her TV director: their second child, second son, who will also play her TV baby, due to arrive in early February; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Married. Orson Bean, 36, downbeat Broadway and TV funnyman (*Never Too Late*, *To Tell the Truth*); and Carolyn Maxwell, 24, custom-fashion designer; he for the second time; in Manhattan.

Marriage Revealed. Mamie Reynolds, 22, daughter of North Carolina's late Senator "Buncombe Bob" Reynolds (no relation to the tobacco family), heirless to a \$35 million share of Grandmother Evalyn McLean's gold-mine and newspaper fortune (Washington Post, Cincinnati Enquirer); and Joseph Gregory, 39, Kentucky dog handler; she for the second time; in Juárez, Mexico; last month.

Divorced. By Betty Grable, 48, Hollywood's wartime pinup queen (*Million Dollar Legs*), now often gambling on the Las Vegas stage (*Guys and Dolls*); Harry Hagg James, 49, once perhaps the world's greatest trumpet virtuoso, still tooting as a successful bandleader; on uncontested grounds of extreme cruelty; after 22 years of marriage, two children; in Las Vegas, Nev.

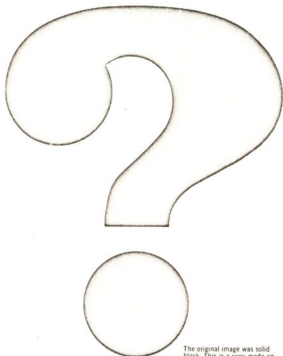
Died. Patrick Guinness, 34, banker son of British Financier Loel Guinness and Joan (later Princess Aly Khan) Guinness, half-brother of Aga Khan IV and since 1955 husband of Countess Dolores von Furstenberg, who also happens to be his stepsister (Dolores' mother, Gloria, married Patrick's father in 1951); of injuries sustained when his custom-built Iso-Rivolta plowed into a tree at 110 m.p.h.; near Turig, Switzerland.

Died. Zachary Scott, 51, character actor, a mustachioed Texan who ambled around Hollywood wearing a pirate-style gold earring, was most often cast as the oil-slick villain of Hollywood cliffhangers (*Ruthless*, *Whiplash*), but proved equally proficient in the demanding Broadway role of the relentless defense attorney in Faulkner's 1959 *Requiem for a Nun*; of cancer; in Austin, Texas.

Died. Dr. Robert Runnels Williams, 79, India-born chemist and longtime (1925-46) Bell Telephone chemical director, who in 1910 began independent research into the cause of the Orient's mysterious and killing beriberi disease, in 1934 found that the problem was a lack of thiamine, or vitamin B1, derived from natural bran that rice-eating populations generally remove when polishing their rice; in Summit, N.J.

Died. Thomas Bertram Costain, 80, prolific author of bestselling historical novels (*The Silver Chalice*) and some straight popular histories, who made his career as an editor of Canada's *Maclean's* magazine and the *Saturday Evening Post* and as a story scout for 20th Century-Fox until at 55 he decided, "If I was ever going to write, I'd better start right away," produced 20 readable yet scholarly works that have sold some 15 million copies since 1942 and resulted in several movie plays; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Anton T. Boisen, 88, U.S. theologian renowned for his pioneering work in religious psychology (*The Exploration of the Inner World*), a Congregationalist minister whose own mental difficulties (he suffered from schizophrenia) led him in 1936 to advance the theory that "certain forms of mental disorder and religious revelation are closely interrelated"; of arteriosclerosis; in Elgin, Ill.



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ART

ARTISTS

Assemblage at the Frontier

Before its notoriety as the site of tragic riots, the Watts area of Los Angeles was more mildly famous for an architectural oddity, a trio of 100-ft.-tall latticework spires called the Watts Towers. Inlaid with 75,000 sea shells and countless bits of crockery, the towers were the lifetime hobby of an immigrant Italian tilesetter named Simon Rodia, who built them by hand in his backyard (TIME, Sept. 3, 1951). Since 1963 the Towers have been designated by the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Board as a historic monument, and, in the eyes of younger West Coast artists,

tion against California as a land of lotus eaters, neon lighting and drugstore starlets." Their attainment of maturity is not at all guaranteed, but they have made craftsmanship, if not neatness of execution, a competitive goal. "They are always looking over each other's welding seams," says Hopps. "They will applaud a Paul Harris (see opposite) but criticize his stitches."

For Paul Harris, 40, his upholstered people with their flagrant colors and featureless patterns are really subconscious cartooning. And he endows it with a kind of mordant humor that is

sculpture. It may not be art, but I know it's made well."

"Funky." Another believer in craftsmanship is William Wiley, 27, who takes time off from teaching a graduate seminar in painting and drawing at the University of California's Davis campus to question the reality of objects by subjecting them to the pummeling of abstraction. Like many contemporary artists, he no longer respects any border between painting and sculpture. "Why do some people think a painting is more important than a car, or vice versa?" he asks. "Some ask how I can spend my time making these crazy things—and those same people are out plugging away at their lawn and all wiggled out because their trees are dying."

Edward Ruscha, 27, limns with the same T-square edge precision that is

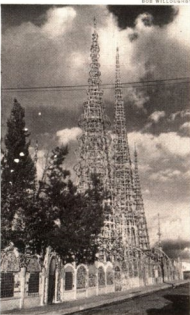


WILLIAM WILEY

they have become a shrine. "No existing church stood for so much to us," says Walter Hopps, director of the Pasadena Art Museum. In fact, he was married there.

The Towers exemplify what Hopps calls California's "crazy tradition for assemblage and the object." And, as such, they set the keynote for the freshest of West Coast art, which is the newest rage on the U.S. gallery scene (see color pages). Less than five years ago, the closest thing to an art movement that California could boast was a group of San Francisco-centered figurative painters, such as Richard Diebenkorn and Elmer Bischoff, who softly focused abstract expressionism on the human figure. Now, whether one considers it a good thing or bad, the West Coast is truly vying with New York insofar as a freshness in art is concerned.

Embalmed Stage Sets. For the newer California artists the words object, assemblage and crazy seem quite fitting. According to Los Angeles County Museum Curator of Modern Art Maurice Tuchman, their emphasis on detail, however offbeat, is "a profound reac-

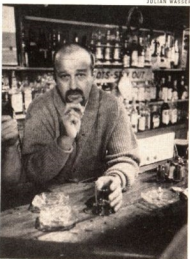


THE WATTS TOWERS

Crazy tradition for the object.

much admired by most young West Coast artists. "If you see a bird flying," he says, "it has all the qualities of being a beautiful bird. Then if you find a dead bird, it makes you wonder what is the real bird."

Rather than cartoons, Edward Kienholz, 38, goes in for whole stage sets (or "tableaux," as he calls them) that have the grisly impact of a charnel house, yet on second glance present deeply shocking morality plays. *Birth-day*, says the well-spoken former farmer, should express the hope offered by even the most forlorn birth. Giant plastic arrows express resurrection, even if with a tainted blatancy: the plastic bubble above the mannequin mother's mouth, actually a distempered baby's plastic bubble, symbolizes a scream. It is theater, embalmed in translucent epoxy and cluttered with props—a ghostly coat rack, old sandals, an overnight case. But it deals with harsh reality. Says Kienholz, "We need to say these things: I'm a man. I'm an artist. I make a good



EDWARD KIENZOLZ

the trademark of hard-edged pop. But to him, "Andy Warhol's soup cans are too syrupy sweet." Ruscha prefers to paint what he calls "facts," words, corporate symbols or even filling stations, which he sees as machine monuments in the Western scenery, way stations in the wilderness. His compositions evoke a soaring into space just like a Frank Lloyd Wright house in the desert. The exaggerated imagery is commonplace, but the sense of dynamic movement is purely West Coast.

In a sense, the younger Californian artists show American art at its last frontier. They do not mind being "funky," that is, casual, deliberately corny, explorers of the American vernacular. In the ambience of the gadget, the dragster with painted flames in its exhausts, the never-closed supermarket with motorized shopping cars, the West Coast artist has become his own *deus ex machina*. They are part-optimistic, part-spooky gardeners in a garish no man's land between art and reality. Like the man who built the Watts Towers, they might, when finished, just move away and never come back.

POP GOES THE WEST COAST

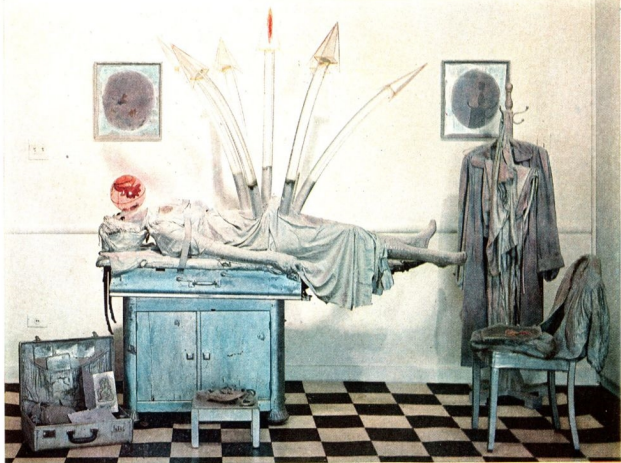
"SEATED FIGURE," by Paul Harris, is filled with mattress stuffing. Says artist: "I always think of it as just a woman."



JON GREENE

"BIRTHDAY" is Edward Kienholz's surrealist staging of a woman in labor. Her purse holds husband's couldn't-make-it note.

JULIAN KASSER





FREEWAY CULTURE of California is symbolized by Edward Ruscha's low-perspective, pop *Standard Station*.

DON FATOR

SPOTTED SCULPTURE, composed of stuffed cloth and boxes, is work of William Wiley. Paintings are also his.

J. R. CYRMAN



SHOW BUSINESS

THE ROAD

Hello, Saigon!

The big U.S. Air Force KC-135 transport circled Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport for 30 minutes to enable a flight of F-100 Supersabres to roar off for a sortie. By the time the KC-135 was down and hatch open, the sudden October monsoon was whipping a veritable wall of water in its face. There on the strip stood a U.S. brigadier general and dozens of pretty Vietnamese girls in sodden turquoise and white *ao dais*. "If they care enough about us to stand out there in the rain," said the first passenger, "the least we can do is stand there with them." So out came Broadway Producer David Merrick, and right behind him Star Mary Martin and the 70 members of the international company of *Hello, Dolly!* They were there to mount the first big U.S. musical comedy ever played in a combat zone.

Critic's Mission. The Defense Department billeted the troupe downtown in the second-class but comparatively safe Hotel Meyerkord. A sentry watch was set around the area and even in the sewer mains beneath it. Quipped Merrick at his first press conference: "It's no more dangerous here than it is in New York on any opening night."

Maybe less so. Merrick, in order to join the U.S.O. tour, had just missed the first night of his 40 since entering show business in 1954. The show was *Pickwick*, and it was a critical bust (see THEATER). Smarting from the reviews, which had been phoned to him in Tokyo,* the splenetic producer tore

into Herald Tribune Critic Walter Kerr with an impetuosity to match Radio Hanoi. Kerr (who is a Roman Catholic), said Merrick, "panned *Pickwick* because the Pope was saying Mass at Yankee Stadium that night, and Walter was simply sore that he had to be at the opening instead. Someone ought to send Kerr to Viet Nam. I have a mission for him—up around Danang."

Stage Secrets. A more gracious entrance was made by Mary Martin. Just off the plane, she said: "I'm thrilled to be here, proud to be here and glad to be here." At the press conference, where she wore a yellow and white *ao dai*, she was asked, "Are you afraid to be here?" Mary hesitated, then answered, "No, not really." Then she turned the question around. Were the correspondents afraid? Back came a thunderous "Yes!" So was the Pentagon. The company would put on six performances in the next ten days in the war area, but the exact locales and curtain times were kept secret. From Viet Nam, the troupe will play a fortnight for troops in Korea and Okinawa. "After that," said Merrick last week, "we go to London—for money."

TELEVISION

Smart Money

Among television's vast lexicon of unwritten rules there are three inviolable tenets: 1) don't offend minority groups—they write letters; 2) don't tell sick jokes—they offend critics; 3) don't knock the hero—the audience identifies with him. Failure to obey these laws is punishable by death—for the show, and sometimes for the career of the creator. The result, inevitably, is a season like the present one—limp scripts and look-alike actors, the halt leading the blind.

No wonder then that the industry is confounded by the outsized success of NBC's *Get Smart!* Thumbing its nose at the rule book, *Smart* features an impossibly stupid hero, and deformed and sometimes nonwhite villains. Yet it is near the top of the ratings.

Karate Chop. *Get Smart!* began as a product of groupthink when Talent Associates saw *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* rising on the ratings and shrewdly suspected that the Bondwagon had room for one more. They commissioned Old Pro Mel Brooks (*The 2,000-Year-Old Man*) and Young Pro Buck (TW3) Henry to hack out a script about a fumbling hero. Instead, Brooks and Henry decided to make him a bumbling zero. Brooks recalls, "I was sick of looking at all those nice sensible situation comedies. They were such distortions of life. If a maid ever took over my house like Hazel, I'd set her hair on fire. I wanted to do a crazy, unreal comic-strip kind of thing about something besides a family. No one had ever done a show about an idiot before. I decided to be the first."

The idiot is Maxwell Smart, Agent 86,



ADAMS & DOG

Eight boards? Three? A loaf of bread?

played by reformed Stand-Up Comic Don Adams. Smart has little piggy eyes, a voice that sounds like a jigsaw on slate, and a perpetual self-satisfied smirk. When challenged, he is too dumb to panic, bluffs fluently: "Would you believe that I can break eight boards with one karate chop? No? Would you believe three boards? Would you believe a loaf of bread?"

Mother Hate. His enemies—other than his left foot and his right foot—are the kind of men who are more often rubbed out by network censors than by heroes. The first episode featured a villainous dwarf, the second a one-armed Chinese (The Claw) with a magnetized prosthesis. When he asked Smart, "Do you know what they call me?" Smart thought it over, replied: "Lefty?"

Brooks and Henry originally took Smart to ABC, where network officials pronounced the script "too wild" and demanded a lovable dog to give the show more heart. Brooks and Henry went back and perversely put in a cowardly, mangy, wheezy dog that chased cars and bit strangers. "The executive who read the script, I'm told, screamed, 'It's un-American!'" recalls Henry. Adds Brooks: "They wanted to put a print housecoat on the show. Max was to come home to his mother and explain everything. I hate mothers on shows. Max has no mother. He never had one."

Everyone in the industry has his own pet theory for the show's success. Some believe that Smart is like one of his enemies, a freak, a mutation that has no ancestors and will have no descendants. Others feel that he is the first eccentric ripple in a new wave of insane, absurd television comedy. If they are right, by next season the screen will be Smarting with maimed heavies and mentally defective detectives. And so it will go, until one day someone looking for Big Money in television comes up with a new idea: "People are tired of crazy, improbable situation comedies. How about a show with a nice normal middle-class family. Only they have this maid, see? And she tries to take over..."



MERRICK IN VIET NAM

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NEWSPAPERS

Right & Wrong

"Both sides have rejected my report," said Mediator Ted Kheel. "I must have done something right."

He had. His 30-page package of recommendations for settling the three-week-old New York newspaper strike had been turned down by the Newspaper Guild and the New York Times last week merely as a matter of strategy. Had either side said yes, the other side would have surely said no—hopeful that by further bargaining it might gain something beyond Kheel's suggested compromises. Once they had recorded their unwillingness to give way any more, though, both the weary antagonists were quick to accede to Mayor Robert Wagner's suggestion that they change their minds, agree with Kheel, and go back to work. At week's end, all that remained to be done was for the Times's Guildsmen to meet and formally ratify the proposals.

Big Question. Thus, for all practical purposes, the strike ended. But a big question remained: Should it ever have begun? The issues it had settled could easily have been settled at the bargaining table; the looming problems of automation that were the major part of the argument remained largely unanswered. The Guild, which had demanded the same veto over automation machinery that had been won by the International Typographical Union last April, got a promise instead that it would not lose jurisdiction over jobs connected with any new machines. The I.T.U. veto, said Kheel, was "a confession of failure" by the publishers. Then he added vague and hopeful talk of possible solutions to be found by future exploratory committees.

The Guild did not get automatic severance pay for retiring workers as it had asked; it did win the right of joint administration of a Times-Guild pension plan. As for union security, the Guild had demanded a union shop requiring every employee under Guild jurisdiction to become a dues-paying member. Just as adamantly, the Times had said no. Kheel's compromise gave the Guild a union shop in the commercial departments and left editorial personnel freedom of choice.

The whole package—which included 36 items already negotiated, plus the possibility of some new salary minimums and syndication rights for reporters—had few other consolations for the Guild, still fewer for the Times. "We don't like the settlement," said Times Vice President Ivan Veit, "but we'll learn to live with it." Kheel had made it clear that the paper's labor-relations department was in sad disarray; it would have to be revamped before it could deal intelligently with the difficulties ahead. Beyond all that, there was



MEDIATOR KHEEL

Should it ever have begun?

the more immediate problem of making up lost advertising revenue and winning back lost readers. And despite their strike benefits, the Guildsmen would be a long time making up what they lost in three weeks without a paycheck.

Chaotic Pattern. For weeks to come, critics and commentators would be arguing over the effects of the strike, rehashing its history, reaching for explanations, offering advice for the future. Some enterprising Timesman might even search through the paper's file of unprinted columns left over from the disastrous 114-day New York newspaper strike of 1962-63. There he would find the words of Associate Editor James Reston: "One day the New York newspapers will publish again, but they dare not go back to the same chaotic pattern of collective bargaining that produced the present shutdown. The present system is intolerable for the public, the unions and the publishers alike."

How right Scotty Reston was. And how wrong.

Fifty-Fifty in the South

On their way home from a civil rights march to downtown Eutaw, Ala., Negro demonstrators kept on the alert for any sign of danger from local whites. And still they were surprised. Suddenly a light plane made a low pass over the road and sped out a heavy, yellow spray of insecticide. Coughing and gagging, the Negroes stumbled out of the fog with ruined clothing and numbing nausea. In an area noted for ingenious forms of Negro harassment, this was surely one of the most notable. Yet the story ran in only one Southern paper—the weekly Southern Courier.

Ever since it was founded last July,



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the Courier has been digging out and printing civil rights news that most other Southern papers ignore. Published in Montgomery, Ala., the Courier is the brainchild of Council of Federated Organizations (cofo) workers who went South in the summer of 1964, and soon felt that the local press was either disregarding their work or utterly distorting it. In desperation, two *Harvard Crimson* staffers—Peter Cummings and Ellen Lake—started mimeographing sheets of news and passing them around. This summer they decided to put out a paper on a permanent, year-round basis.

Kind Words for Matt. The six-page Courier, which sells for 10¢, covers the news with a professionalism that belies the inexperience of its editors and their meager resources. Refusing to accept any money from civil rights groups, the paper raises what it can on college campuses in the North—about \$43,000 to date. Advertising income amounts to an inconsequential \$100 a week. The youthful twelve-man staff (down from a summer peak of 18, now that students have returned to college) works for \$20-a-week salaries and the sheer exhilaration of it. "Coming down here was about fifty-fifty," says Managing Editor Michael Lottman, 23, on leave from the *Chicago Daily News*; "half for a good journalistic opportunity, half to do something for civil rights."

In its own way, the Courier, too, is fifty-fifty. It is a conscientious crusader that tries to tell both sides of the story. However violent the event, the Courier reports it with a calmness and dispassion not often matched in easily aroused Northern newspapers. "We've been leaning over backwards to be fair to the people we disagree with," says Lottman. The Courier even had some kind words about Ku Klux Klan Lawyer Matt Murphy, killed last August in an automobile crash. Murphy, the paper noted, had often defended Negro clients and had helped a Negro lawyer to gain admittance to the Alabama bar.

Subscribers on the Sly. Courier reporters and stringers, who include Negro boys as young as 15, have suffered the expected difficulties: threats, a beating, a harrowing 100-m.p.h. chase on the highway. But often the white community can be helpful. In Lowndes County, where Tom Coleman was acquitted of the murder of the Rev. Jonathan Daniels, Coleman's sister, county superintendent of schools, cheerfully briefs the Courier on school affairs.

To date, most of the 14,000 people who buy the paper are Negroes; but the editors hope to win more white readers. They have a few surreptitious white subscribers already. An Alabama woman recently wrote: "I am delighted with your paper. Will you please send it in an envelope? My husband sees red on the subject of race relations, so I have to be pretty careful." The editors, who are willing to send the Courier anywhere in any sort of disguise, were glad to oblige.

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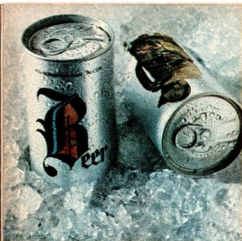
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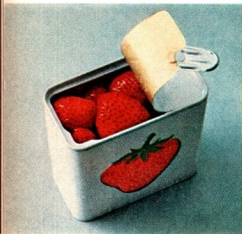
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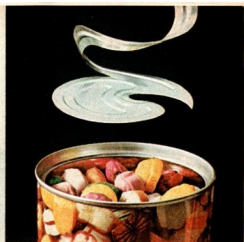


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The *Agony and the Ecstasy* opens with a prologue celebrating the magnificence of Michelangelo Buonarroti's most famous sculptures: the *David*, *Moses*, the *Pietà*, *Bacchus*, the *Medici* tomb figures. It makes a splendid beginning. And even for the shrewdest caterers to popular taste, an act like Michelangelo's is hard to follow. What does follow in this solemn, princely spectacle—drawn by Director Carol Reed and Scenarist Philip Dunne from Irving Stone's low-to-middlebrow biography—

DAVID GAIR



HESTON & HARRISON

The clash seldom gets off the floor.

shows every evidence of great effort, but the achievements are spotty.

On film, *Agony* limits itself to those tumultuous few years when the reluctant Michelangelo (Charlton Heston) was commissioned by the warrior Pope, Julius II (Rex Harrison), to forsake his beloved marble and paint the frescoes for the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. "It was built by my uncle, Pope Sixtus. That is why it is called the Sistine," says Harrison, surveying a replica meticulously copied by movie artists, and at the same time snappily launching Hollywood's own capsule history of Renaissance art. Unfortunately, the dramatic clash of two iron-willed giants at odds over a ceiling seldom gets off the floor. Heston seizes, struggles up the scaffolding, and smears himself with color in a performance that merely adds another great stone profile to his gallery of semiclassical parts. Harrison, puncturing the most pontifical utterances with a tongue sharpened for wit, climbs roughshod over his talented hirelings—among them Bramante (Harry Andrews), the architect of St. Peter's, and Raphael (Tomas Milian), who ap-

pears to be impersonating a painting, not a painter.

While heavenly choirs compete with thunderous organ, all the significant moments of Michelangelo's ordeal are painstakingly re-created. His inspiration for the Sistine vault occurs on a mountain-top at sunrise in exquisitely detailed cumulus clouds. He rushes to a battlefield where Julius marvels at Michelangelo's preliminary sketches while enemy cannon balls reddens the earth around them. "I planned a ceiling, he plans a miracle," declares the Holy Father, then to his troops: "What are you waiting for? Attack!" And *Agony* skirts the question of the artist's homosexuality in provocative tête-à-têtes with a fervent Contessina de' Medici (Diane Cilento). The noblewoman presumably deduces his impotence when he tells her that God has compelled him to substitute the love of art for the art of love. "Love," she concludes, "is either agony or ecstasy—sometimes both at once."

Finally, the appeal of the film is purely visual, a feast of costumes, color and cinquecento opulence as beautiful to contemplate as any masterpiece in facsimile. Though the drama up front often makes the mind boggle, Photography Director Leon Shamroy and a staff of design wizards have dwarfed it against backgrounds that fill the eye with Michelangelo's incomparable vision.

Beneath the Rock

Marriage on the Rocks is the most recent effort to capture for posterity the fanny-pinchin sophistication of Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra. In a coy casting switch, Sinatra plays a bored, busy advertising brain who has spent 19 years with his own wife (Deborah Kerr). "What a swinger he was in the old days," moons Deborah. Now he bedevils his teen-age daughter (played by Sinatra's own daughter Nancy) and deplores his rakish company vice president (Martin), an aging tom whose bachelor flat is strewn with molted bikinis.

Having first decided to get a divorce, Deborah gets a black negligee instead and entices Frank to Mexico for a second honeymoon. Their union is dissolved, more or less by mistake. Before they can get remarried, Frank flies off on a business trip. Then Dean shows up and, again by mistake, Deborah marries him. Home again, the befuddled trio runs into plot complications so dreary that Mother-in-Law Hermione Baddeley has to march drunkenly around the premises, tooting a bagpipe at intervals to keep everyone awake.

Rocks' least comfortable performer is Actress Kerr, whose fans may well wonder what a nice girl like Deborah is doing in a play like this. Wasted on farce, she slides from gag to gag with the faintly startled air of a very proper matron who somehow finds herself pouring tea at a disreputable party.



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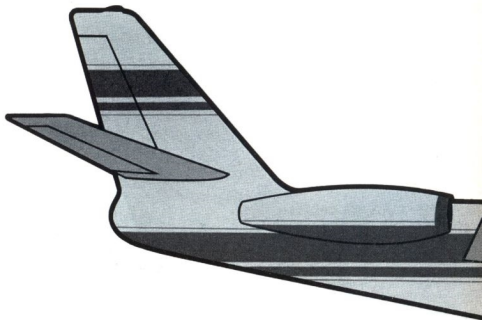
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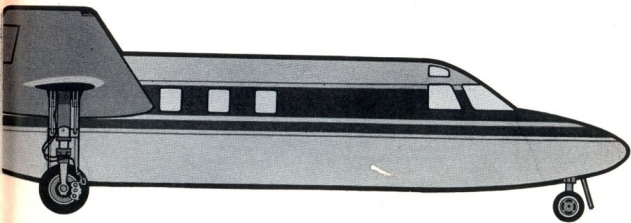
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Map of History

The simple line map of the world, sketched in faded brownish ink on a single small (about 11 in. by 16 in.) sheet of patched and worm-eaten vellum seems humdrum. In reality, it is by far the most important cartographic discovery of this century. It is the first map (see below) ever found that shows any part of the Western Hemisphere before the voyage of Columbus.

Drawn about 1440, probably by a monk in a Swiss scriptorium, the map's startling features are a strikingly accurate delineation of Greenland in the upper left-hand corner and a representation of "Vinland" (the name Vikings from Iceland and Greenland in the 10th century gave a portion of the coast of North America). There, crudely drawn but unmistakable, are Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Above Vinland is a cartographic legend noting that "Eric, legate of the Apostolic See and bishop of Greenland . . . arrived in this truly vast and very rich land . . . in the last year of our most blessed father Pascal, remained a long time in both summer and winter . . ." Since Pope Paschal II died in January 1118, this would presumably fix the time of Eric's arrival at 1117. Taken together with the depiction of Vinland, this indicates that as early as the 12th century, the rest of Europe knew about the Viking voyages. While it is possible that detailed knowledge of the voyage may not have been generally

available by the 15th century, discovery of the map still forces a reappraisal of the entire age of exploration, from the year 1000, when Leif Ericsson and his men were blown ashore on the North American coast, to the late 16th century, when Europeans were exploring the waters of Asia, Africa and America. The map throws further doubt on the legend that Columbus was sailing into completely mysterious and uncharted seas when he set out with his small fleet in 1492. Instead, it appears possible that the Viking voyages may have served as an incentive to Columbus and Cabot and other rediscoverers of America in the 15th century.

Scholarly Detection. Proudly put on display this week by the Yale Library, the map and its accompanying text have been annotated and explicated in a scholarly book published concurrently by the Yale University Press, *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation*, which describes the eight years of elaborate detective work that were needed to date and authenticate it.

As related by Thomas E. Marston, Yale University Library's curator of medieval and Renaissance literature, in the gruffly deprecatory language of scholarship, the discovery of the map is quite a dramatic yarn in itself. It began in October 1957, when a New Haven antiquarian bookseller, Laurence Witten, dropped by the Yale Library to show Marston and Map Curator Alexander O. Viator a slim volume that Witten had acquired from a private

collection in Europe. The book included the map and 21 pages of text, which were a transcription of an account of the expedition led by Friar John de Plano Carpini across Central Asia in 1245-47. Friar Carpini himself wrote a well-known account of his trip in 1247, but the version in Witten's book was transcribed by another Franciscan friar, identified only as C. de Bridia, who had heard of the expedition second-hand.

Misplaced Holes. From the first glance, it was the map that excited Marston and Viator. It contained the usual overscaled version of Europe.

India (TERRA INDICA) is slewed around due east of the Mediterranean, with a diminished Asia and China to the north of it. Offshore, across the *Magnum mare Tartarorum*, are renderings of large offshore islands, probably based on reports of Japan. Africa is lopped off below Ethiopia, but shows the *magnus fluvius* which is apparently the Niger. In the Atlantic, there are the two mythical quad-shaped islands beyond the Azores that most medieval cartographers insistently put in. But in the upper left-hand corner were the unmistakable outlines of Greenland and Vinland, the latter rounded off into an island in accordance with the medieval assumption that the universal sea surrounded any area that had not been explored. Both were plainly labeled (GRONELÅDA and VINLANDA INSULA).

While the map and text appeared to be genuine and written by the same hand, there were a couple of things that bothered the Yale scholars. Though both the map and text were slightly wormed, the wormholes on the two parts did not





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coincide. They were even more disturbed by a notation on the map which suggested that it was only part of a larger volume. Until these puzzling features were resolved, the map would always be somewhat suspect.

Several months later, Marston ordered two manuscripts from a London dealer, one of which was a modestly priced portion of the *Speculum Historiale* (Mirror of History) compiled by Vincent of Beauvais, the famed encyclopedist of the Middle Ages. When the *Speculum* manuscript arrived, it was in such an attractive 15th century binding that Dealer Witten asked to examine it. That night Witten telephoned Marston in great excitement. The *Speculum* manuscript was the key to the puzzle of the Vinland map and the text of the Carpin mission, which was later to be called "the Tartar Relation." The manuscript was written in the same hand, the watermarks on the paper were identical, and the wormholes showed that the map had been at the front of the volume and the Tartar Relation at the back.

The Dating. The chances against anyone having such a stroke of luck were astronomical, and that as much as anything was one of the reasons that Vietor and Marston consulted R. A. Skelton and George D. Painter, two experts with the British Museum, for exhaustive research, evaluation and testing of the manuscript. In lengthy papers, crammed with scholarship and bristling with footnotes, Skelton and Painter tell in *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation* how they authenticated and dated both the map and the manuscript.

In brief, the dating rests on two major pieces of physical evidence. First, the scribe who drew the map and copied the text used a writing style known as Oberrheinische Bastarda, or Upper Rhineland bastard (or cursive) book hand, which is confined to the period 1415-1460. Since the handwriting is in fully developed form and free of accretions from styles that developed later, a date in the 1440s seems most likely. Second, the parchment and paper used can be traced to the same period, and a unique spectacled head of a bull used as a watermark on the paper shows it most likely was produced at a mill that began operating in Basel, Switzerland, about 1433.

The *Speculum*, which heretofore had had no great intrinsic value, had suddenly become priceless as a missing piece of scholarly evidence. Since Witten had given the Vinland map and the Tartar Relation to his wife, Marston decided to give Mrs. Witten the *Speculum* as well, in the hope that some generous benefactor would buy all the parts and give them to the Yale Library. An anonymous donor did just that, and Yale is now the sole owner of the manuscript. The price paid is a closely guarded secret, but it was admitted to be "in the high six figures," or in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. When the manuscript went on display this week, Yale Librari-

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an James Tanis called the map alone "the most exciting single acquisition of the Yale Library in modern times, exceeding in significance even Yale's Gutenberg Bible and its Bay Psalm Book."

A Follower's Tribute

KENNEDY by Theodore C. Sorensen. 783 pages. Harper & Row, \$10.

This is no mere memoir. It is a monument—but like a monument, it has a ponderous, granitic quality. What makes this all the more disappointing is the fact that it comes from the hand of the same Ted Sorensen who, as John F. Kennedy's chief speechwriter, was partly responsible for the contrapuntal

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



J.F.K. & SORENSEN
But will the spirits come?

elegance and consistent eloquence of the late President's addresses.

Parts of this book have been serialized in 37 newspapers and magazines, and much has already been written about its accounts of such controversial episodes as Kennedy's choice of a Vice President and his blunder at the Bay of Pigs. Even so, those willing to hack through the whole thing, with its forbidding thicket of words (more than 350,000), should find the effort worthwhile. Despite the foliage, Kennedy comes through as an immensely appealing man, one who "followed Franklin's advice of 'early to bed, early to rise' only when he could not otherwise arrange his schedule," who "took his problems seriously, but never himself."

"In life he did not want his counsel to be a courtier, and in death he would not want his biography confined to eulogies," writes Sorensen. For all that, he candidly admits that his book "is not even a neutral account," but a loyal follower's tribute.

To Sorensen, nothing is more unfair than the judgment—most often passed by "professional liberals"—that Kennedy was basically shallow, aloof and un-



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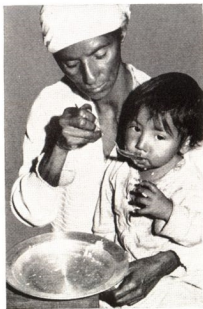
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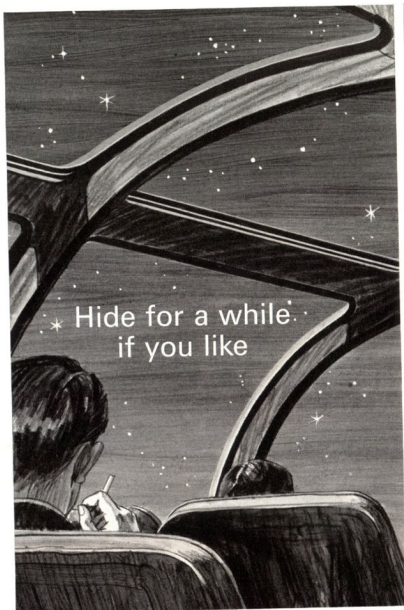


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committed. "Some mistook his humor, gaiety and gentle urbanity for a lack of depth, and some mistook his cool calculation of the reasonable for a lack of commitment," writes Sorensen. "But his wit was merely an ornament to the earnest expressions that followed, and his reason reinforced his deep convictions and ideals."

The book is studded with examples of both. Among them is one of Kennedy's favorite descriptions of the U.S. presidency, from Shakespeare's *Henry IV: Glendower*: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur: Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come?

Another is a story of how France's Marshal Lyautey, anxious to plant a tree, was told by his gardener that there was no hurry—it would not flower for 100 years. "In that case," said the marshal, "plant it this afternoon." Kennedy, concludes Sorensen, "believed in planting trees this afternoon."

The Self-Assured Man

MONTAIGNE: A BIOGRAPHY by Donald M. Frame. 408 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$10.

No author perhaps more richly deserves a new appraisal than Michel de Montaigne. Four centuries have passed since, pent in his tower study outside Bordeaux, he set down the *Essays* that were to transport his name to literature's firmament. Immured in an age that was largely brutal, incurious and ignorant, he managed to convey a message and a spirit so lively and civilized that they have come down through the centuries virtually unscathed.

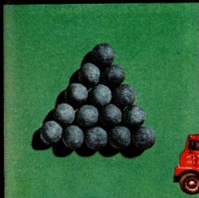
Montaigne's very motto—"What Do I Know?"—appeals to these inquiring times. His convictions have a contemporary ring. "How many condemnations have I seen," he wrote, "more criminal than the crime!" He could ridicule pomp ("On the loftiest throne in the world, we are still sitting on our own rump"), pedants ("Won't they try to square the circle while perched on their wives?") and bigotry ("If she is a whore, must she also necessarily have bad breath?"). He had a psychiatrist's understanding of the mind: "Alas, poor man! You are miserable enough by nature without being so by art!"

Waked by Violins. Such rational thought becomes all the more impressive when measured against Montaigne's life. He was born to wealth and privilege, was waked as a baby by the music of violins (his indulgent father felt that any other method might upset his infant son).

He withdrew to his study at 38, with nothing more to show for his years than much high living, an undistinguished period of service in the Bordeaux Parlement, and a translation into French of a single, unimportant ecclesiastical text. For the next nine years, surrounded by his own library of 1,000

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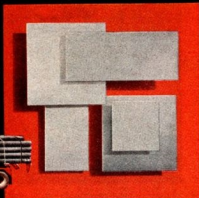
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books, he wrote the first two volumes of the *Essays*. Before kidney stones killed him in 1592 at 59, he produced one more volume and a journal of his tour through Italy, Switzerland and Germany. And that was all.

It was enough. The *Essays* were the testament, as Biographer Frame says, of "A reasonable, truthful, reflective, self-possessed man of good will, loving life, convinced of the importance of the body, the legitimacy of pleasure, and the goodness of happiness." The age of skepticism—in the best sense of the word—can be said to have begun with this self-assured, self-centered man, and it is not over yet.

Scrambled Parts. Unfortunately, Frame is not equal to the task of writing a definitive biography. As professor of French at Columbia University, he has made Montaigne his life's study, and his translation of the *Essays* is the best since the Florio translation of 1603 and infinitely more readable than that classic antique. But this book does not so much define Montaigne as scramble him. It is as if someone given nothing but the picture of an assembled car and its disassembled parts had set to work, knowing only that each part has to go somewhere. The result is a book that is repetitious, overlaid with extraneous scholarship, and stuffed with names cited without explanation.

The English-speaking world will have to wait for a biography that is worthy of the man. It can do worse, while waiting, than to browse in Frame's excellent translation of the *Essays*, whose subject is Michel de Montaigne.

History's Pigeon

THE SILENT SKY by Allan W. Eckert. 243 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

One March morning in 1900, a small boy crouched along the bank of Ohio's Scioto River, sighted down the barrel of his BB gun, and sent a pellet smashing into the brain of a big red-breasted, blue-backed bird. It was the last wild passenger pigeon ever to be sighted. In this indignant, touching book, Allan W. Eckert, author of *The Great Auk*, details the wanton greed that extinguished this remarkable species and imagines a biography for the last wild survivor that died that morning on the Scioto.

In mid-19th century America, nothing was more ordinary than the passenger pigeon, which numbered in the billions, and may have accounted for nearly 40% of the country's bird population. Each year they swept across the central and eastern U.S., from the Gulf Coast to Canada and back again in roaring migratory swarms that sometimes darkened the entire sky. They could fly for 20 hours on end with bursts of speed up to 90 miles an hour; yet it sometimes took three days for a flight to pass a given point.

Tree Tenements. They were elegant and graceful in flight, slow and stupid-seeming on the ground, and fatally

MEET:



ROLAND GRABELLE in Chicago

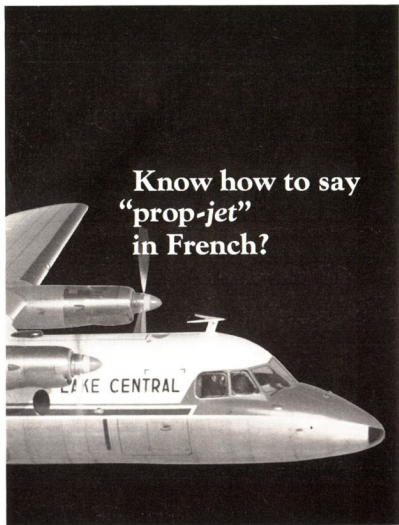
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gregarious. When they settled in to feed or rest, they would funnel down, out of the sky, filling every branch and foothold, stacking up on one another's backs a dozen deep, splintering weak branches, toppling whole dead trees to the ground. They nested in only slightly less congestion, spreading out over scores of square miles, making every tree a kind of arboreal tenement.

Man was their only important enemy. Passenger pigeons were good to eat, fun for sport shooting, and almost entirely salable; their dried gizzards were thought to cure gallstones; their powdered stomachs were a nostrum for dysentery; and their feathers were in great demand for use as ticking. During the 1870s, when the slaughter reached



MARTHA AT THE SMITHSONIAN
Trapped, bludgeoned, shot.

its peak, hard-working hunters could net 15,000 birds in a single day—at a market value of \$1,250. News of a nesting was spread by telegraph; hunters came from miles around, and the pigeons were trapped, bludgeoned or shot (a single shotgun blast once brought down 187 birds). Squabs were knocked down from their nests with long poles or burned out with fire. In one three-week period, 5,000,000 pigeons were wiped out at a single nesting site.

Plumed Reproof. The pigeons had no legal protection. Their gregariousness was an instinctive need, and as their numbers dwindled, so did their will to live. Small surviving groups would desert their nests, leaving new-laid eggs untended. Eventually, they refused to nest at all.

Three passenger pigeons, captive in the Cincinnati Zoo, were still alive when the wild bird was shot in 1900. The last of these, a female named Martha, died in 1914 at the age of 29. Her body was frozen into a 300-lb. cake of ice, and shipped to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, where she still perches under glass, a plumed reproof to man's destructiveness.



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